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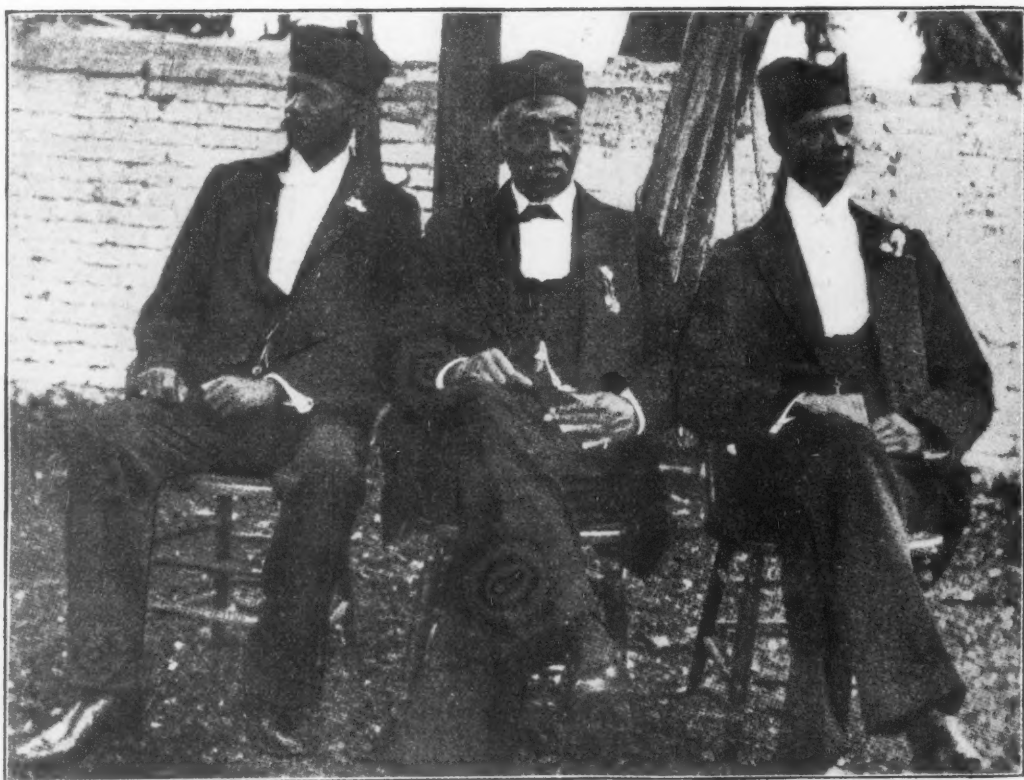
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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1906.

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The Way of the World

Another View of the Labor Situation

THE labor of the South, as represented in Mississippi, is treated quite fairly and thoroughly by Prof. Wm. H. Holtzclaw, Principal of the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute, in his last annual report to his Board of Trustees. The battle against Negro labor has always centered in that state, because, we presume, there are more Negroes in its population than may be found in any other state of the Union, and because the great bulk of this population, in a larger proportion than is true of the black population of any other commonwealth, is engaged in common labor. We think that there has never been a question of the thoroughness of black labor raised in Mississippi, but rather the question of its reliability. Skilled laborers are, of course, in proportion to the population, few; this may also be said of all the states, not only of the South, but of the Union. But the South has mixed the lack of sufficiency of reliable and skilled labor with the accusations of criminality among Negroes, and in crying down criminality it has unqualifiedly condemned Negro labor as an economic

force, so that, not only the white population of the South, but some of the leaders of the colored people as well, have fallen into periodical complaints against what they choose to call "ignorant and unskilled labor." You cannot expect to find in Mississippi, with its enormous ratio of illiteracy, and undeveloped, rather untouched, resources, the same amount or quality of labor that you may find in New York.

Since the South, however, is bent upon securing new and better labor, skilled, we should say, it is gratifying to note that the various institutions for the education of colored people are making a tremendous effort towards fitting young colored men to answer the call for skilled and intelligent service.

Upon this point, Mr. Holtzclaw, whose school is in the heart of the blackest portion of the black belt, says: "The South has borne with ignorant and unskilled labor with patience. This it seems to me has been due to the supposed cheapness of this unskilled labor; but the South is beginning to see that such labor is, in the long run, the most costly. She is, therefore, clearly seen to be growing restless, looking here and

there for skilled laborers and intelligent workmen. She does not seem to be very certain as to what she wants or how to obtain her wants, but still it is certain that she is determined to have a better class of workmen from somewhere and in some way."

So far, so good. The remedy, like the evil, is at the very door of the South. "She" has only to gather about her the robes of patience; place upon her statute books compulsory school laws, and appropriate sufficient money for the maintenance of industrial schools, like Utica, for example, where the young colored men and women may learn some useful trade, and experience a corresponding development of character. That is the easiest and quickest way for the South, which, as a matter of simple fact, will never be satisfied with any but Negro labor "to obtain her wants," if "she" knows what they be. All this talk about foreign labor for the South is so much air-wisdom. Think you for a moment that the labor of three hundred years can be supplanted in a night? Until the end of time the Negro will be the chief laborer of the South; and until then, he and the Southern white man will continue their debate (over what, neither knows) opened now an hundred years ago. It is astonishing, this lack of common sense in discussing the many questions bearing upon the Race Problem.

In concluding his observations, Prof. Holtzclaw thinks that "the field (Southern labor) is still open for the Negro." Why? "Notwithstanding his shortcomings," answers the Professor, "the white men prefer him to all others, and

whenever he can do the work he usually gets the opportunity." That is the point all the friends of the American Negro—the Southern end of them—must constantly and positively impress upon him. He has his fortune within his grasp, if he but knew it. He can dominate the labor situation in the South, or he can sink into pariahism. The Utica Institute, heroically founded, heroically conducted, is doing the kind of work for the colored youth of Mississippi that must be done if the race shall live on. Will the black people awake to their opportunity or will they not? That is the question.

The Retirement of Lyons

JUDSON W. LYONS, of Georgia, a representative of the Afro-American people, who for eight years has been Register of the United States Treasury, will retire March 4, or thereabout. Mr. Lyons will be succeeded by W. Tecumseh Vernon, a black man, who hails from Kansas. We could wish that Prof. Vernon, who, by the way, is a school teacher of note, had been named for some other high position in the Federal government, in order that the notion that the Registership of the Federal Treasury belongs boots and shoes to the Afro-American people, during Republican ascendancy, might be forever exploded. No position should be given year after year to representatives of the same race simply because of the habit such representatives have fallen into of presuming upon it and begging for it. Such disposition of a public position establishes caste as surely as does the exclusion of the representa-

tives of any race from the holding of any position merely because of identification.

Mr. Lyons was appointed to the Registership by President McKinley in succession to the lamented Bruce, who died a year after his appointment. Lyons was appointed, gladly appointed, by McKinley, both to pay a political debt owed by Senator Hanna, and to relieve the administration of an embarrassing predicament in connection with the Postmastership at Augusta, Georgia, for which Lyons was, at the time of Bruce's death, making a desperate, and losing, fight, and which he had been promised by Senator Hanna prior to the meeting of the St. Louis Convention of 1896, when Lyons and Deveaux and Rucker, against the wishes of William A. Pledger, delivered their delegates, shoes and all, to the Hanna machine. The bestowal of the Registership upon the Georgia statesman, who, at this time, had shrunk to the size of the anxious politician, served to relieve the anxiety of both the Afro-American people, who feared, childlike as usual, that one of their number would not again be called to sign the national currency, and Judson Lyons, who, as all the many office-seekers of that memorable period will attest, needed the position, or some other, to fill both his ambition, the largest part about him, and his wants, which were not many, but which were urgent, very urgent.

Before Mr. Lyons took the oath as Register, and, indeed, immediately after, he was a most sane and useful man; sane in his address and bearings, useful in his defense of the Afro-American peo-

ple of his native State. He knew Pledger; Pledger made him, just as Pledger made every Afro-American who has come to the front in the public affairs of Georgia since 1876.

Eight years have affected the life of no man as the eight years just passed affected the life of Lyons. He went into public office with the respect and confidence of all who knew him; he steps out of office with the respect of but few men for his individual worth. He went into office unknown for great ability; he steps down off his throne still unknown for such ability. He has never been accused of being capable of any great thing—any great thought, any great action. A man of the highest moral character, he is affected in a wonderful degree with the virus of self-esteem, the germ of which, when once rooted in the human breast, never dies. Mr. Lyons is over six feet tall. His height is the redeeming element in both his physical and mental constitution. Early in his public career he made the mistake that thousands of men have made, and thousands will yet make. He assumed that official distinction carried with it brain. He was never disillusioned. Few Afro-American public men have ever enjoyed a wider opportunity for advancing the race. Mr. Lyons always made the mistake of imagining he was the race. Contentiously narrow, morally erect, financially honest, wofully ignorant, subject to fits of melancholia (when he imagined he was being pursued), politically coward, mentally short, an oratorical joke, Mr. Lyons passes from the scene, passes as all office-hold-

ers pass, gasping for breath, clinching at the end of the rope of patronage. During his official career he contributed nothing to the life of either his people or country, and ill-filled the shoes of Blanche Bruce, who, at least, concealed whatever littleness he might have possessed.

The last public act of Mr. Lyons appears to have been an instigation of a conspiracy among newspaper correspondents of Washington to disturb the confidence the American public has in the leader of the new thought among Afro-Americans, by wilfully misrepresenting this leader's attitude upon public questions. Mr. Lyons resorted to such maliciousness because Booker T. Washington refused, we understand, to command the President of the United States to re-appoint Mr. Lyons to a position he had held already too long. If Mr. Washington refused to do so, and Lyon's decapitation is the result of such refusal, then Mr. Washington rendered a valuable public service by rendering no service to Mr. Lyons, who is quite too dictatorial for his natural attractiveness, too presumptuous for his returnable ability.

Lyons passes. But stay, just a moment. When he is resurrected, or when he revives, as we trust he will, may he bring with him that knowledge vouchsafed by humility's books, and that wisdom born of sober reflection crossed with high experience.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Tuskegee

FISK UNIVERSITY, as we pointed out in the February issue of this publication, has just celebrated its fortieth

anniversary. The institution enjoyed a glorious season, and begun its forty-first year most auspiciously. The Tuskegee Institute, the most famous of all educational institutions of the South, excepting not even the University of Virginia, is making extensive preparations for the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary April 4th, 5th and 6th. For the first time in the history of the Republic Northern white men, Southern white men, Northern colored men and Southern colored men will meet upon a common platform, during this celebration, to discuss frankly the problems that confront the country at large, and particularly such as bear upon the life of the races at the South and the future of the colored people. For such a symposium the time is at hand; Tuskegee, above all educational and social centers, is the place to hold such, for it is certainly the basis in the evolution of the American Negro, an evolution now going on, and affecting every element of his development.

Tuskegee was founded twenty-five years ago. The idea of some kind of an advanced Normal School was conceived by Lewis Adams, a former slave, who sent to General Armstrong for a teacher. Booker T. Washington responded. The rest is an eloquent chapter in the marvellous progress of the Afro-American people during the last quarter of a century. We might say that the story of Tuskegee is the brightest chapter in the history of the race—brightest because Tuskegee is the conspicuous example of the constructive effort of a black man for black people. If the colored people had done no more than pro-

duce the genius behind the Tuskegee work, the most ideally perfect of all American institutions of learning, they would have proved themselves well worth the cost, in blood and treasure and prayer, of their freedom.

Fisk and Tuskegee! Fisk University is forty years old. Tuskegee Institute is twenty-five. The idea of Fisk was conceived by a white man who had enjoyed the highest opportunities for self-improvement, whose vision was unobstructed by prejudicial settings; the idea of Tuskegee Institute was conceived by a black man, a former slave, who had never ventured out of Macon County. The first President of Fisk was a white man; the first Principal of Tuskegee was a colored man. The money that has gone towards the support of Fisk University was raised by the influence or hands of white men; the money that has gone towards the support of Tuskegee Institute has been raised by the influence and hands of one black man born forty-seven years ago a slave in Virginia. After forty years Fisk University has an enrollment of seven hundred students, eight buildings, and twenty-five teachers, or less; after twenty-five years Tuskegee Institute has an enrollment of fifteen hundred students, eighty buildings, two thousand acres of land, one hundred and fifty officers and teachers. Fisk, from its inception, has been under the direct influence of white men, patriots all; Tuskegee from its inception has been under the direct influence and control of the black man. Fisk represents the genius of the white man; Tuskegee represents the genius of the

black man. And so, in celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, Tuskegee is, at the same time, celebrating the triumph of Faith over Despotism, Hope over Envy,—celebrating the triumph of the whole black citizenry of America against the defamation of its accusers.

Tuskegee is not only the height of the achievement of the American Negro, as all concede, it is the head, and first, of a new and distinct spirit in education, a spirit rapidly spreading throughout the Republic, affecting all institutions of learning alike, having already revolutionized both the public school and college in the section of which Tuskegee is the educational center. Tuskegee is the very foundation-stone of what we are now pleased to term useful education; that is, the correlation of the book with the problems of life, training plus learning, service plus culture. Industrial education as taught at Tuskegee is education plus, and the power of it is to be seen in the regeneration of the life of the people in such Southern communities as those educated at Tuskegee have settled. This education's chief apostle, and indeed its very sponsor, its advocate, defender, perhaps its propagator, is Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee's Principal. As Kelly Miller, of Howard University, pointed out in a recent contribution to the "Voice of the Negro," Dr. Washington's place in the history of education is high and secure; such place as he will occupy was gained by his advocacy of the Tuskegee brand of education, a brand pronounced the nearest to perfection of practical education by all the present authorities on

education, the spirit and influence of which already has extended to leading universities even in New England. This triumph of education over dreamful theories, lead by Dr. Washington for the system of American schools, cannot be lost sight of in such a celebration as will occur at Tuskegee.

The graduates of Tuskegee are to be found in all sections of the Republic, and even in foreign lands, but wherever they are found, they are found working, leading, building, not dreaming, whining, complaining. The essence of the Tuskegee spirit is constructive effort. Its apostle is Tuskegee's other self—Washington. Among its Alumni may be found lawyers, doctors, college presidents, school principals, ministers, as well as mechanics, agriculturists, etc. The graduates of the Institute, in large measure, and fortunately, are located in the southern part of this Republic. It is impossible to estimate their influence upon the life, not alone of their people, but of the whole community. No educational institution in America has sent out into the world a more unselfish and useful set of men and women than those furnished by Tuskegee. The tales of sacrifice and effort that some of these Tuskegee graduates could tell would read like a page torn from a book of the ancients. The Institute could well set aside an especial season for the celebration of the achievements of its sons and daughters. It would be well to do this.

The celebration will be more than a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Tuskegee, it will be a celebration of the progress of the American Negro. Such progress will be cele-

brated in song and story, by speech and by material exhibitions. The old slave songs will be revived; these songs ought not to be allowed to die, for they are the everlasting witnesses of the trials and struggles and hopes of the American slave; a distinct music the genius of which deserves to be perpetuated. And so the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Tuskegee, of world-wide importance, is to be more than a celebration, it is to be somewhat of national exposition of the achievements of the American Negro.

The country shall look forward with peculiar interest to the event. Thousands shall gather at the festival to hear from the lips of white men and black men, Southern men and Northern men—all great men—what there is in the mind of each section and each race about the Negro, his condition and his future. No less interesting will be the message the Tuskegee graduates shall bring from their fields of labor.

William Tecumseh Vernon

THE President has signified his intention of appointing W. Tecumseh Vernon of Kansas to the Registership of the United States Treasury in succession to Judson W. Lyons. Prof. Vernon is an able man of wide experiences, and is regarded as the leading character among all Afro-Americans in his state. He is an eloquent speaker, and an executive of force—a high churchman, selected for the position he will soon fill at the earnest solicitation of the Bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. His selection, no doubt, will give general satisfaction to the people with

whom he is identified, and of whom he is a true and unmistakable representative.

Prof. Vernon is now, as he has been for quite a number of years, President of Quindaro University, a flourishing sectarian educational institution in Kansas. Of this work, he has made a gratifying and conspicuous success. With this work he should have never departed. At the head of it, he was a constructive force, capable of rendering a needed service to his people, disposed to do so. As Register of the Treasury, he is merely a political figure, whose influence is passing, and often doubtful. The country may get in Prof. Vernon an able servant, but Prof. Vernon will find, in his service, an ungrateful and unappreciative country. Men who possess great talent can better serve their country in positions not directly connected with the government. This is doubly true of black men. We can imagine Booker Washington accepting no office in the gift of his country. There is no office comparable, either in dignity, opportunity for service, or lasting renown, with his present position of educator, teacher, leader. Prof. Vernon possesses many of the traits of character which have made Washington eminent. A few of such traits he does not possess. But Vernon has fallen—up. Up, we trust he will stay up.

Succeeding Judson Lyons, he ought to be able to withstand many of the temptations to which the Georgia statesman fell a victim. We trust he will engender no strife, encourage no division amongst his people, influence no men towards misrepresentation, fail never to

remember that his official position changes his original ability none. We know he will seek to advance the interest of his race: he will also see that one of the best ways to advance such interest is to start the advancement in his office. In a large measure, what is commonly referred to as the new Negro, is upon us. As one such, he will deport himself with dignity and intelligence, rendering high service to both himself, his race and his country.

We repeat: The country secures an able public servant in William Tecumseh Vernon, but William Tecumseh Vernon made a mistake in leaving the glorious work in which he was engaged.

The General Conference of the A. M. E. Church

THE next General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church will be held at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1906. This was decided at the recent meeting of the Bishops' Council at Savannah. There were several cities nominated for the meeting place. Among them were New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Atlanta and Norfolk. The first three cities were early abandoned because it was desired to carry the Conference to the South, where it has not sat since 1896, when it was held at Wilmington, N. C. The fight narrowed down to Atlanta and Norfolk. Atlanta was not chosen because the representatives of the city were opposed to its selection because of the intense prejudice of the white citizens of Atlanta against colored people, a prejudice which assumes a vile aggressiveness in the arrangement at the new Union Depot, an arrangement whereby colored people are

compelled to file out of a side door, while all other elements in the population of the country who may be going in or coming out of the city may leave by whatever door they choose. The advocates of Atlanta cited that the Atlanta brand of race prejudice might be annihilated by the appearance of such a representative and intelligent body as the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. We think this was the predominating thought of the Committee on Next Place of Meeting of the National Negro Business League, which selected Atlanta for 1906. The brethren of the Bishops' Council would not see the force of such behavior as the Atlanta advocates advised, and so they selected what they may regard as the most liberal city in the South, a city where cultured and wealthy colored people abound in great numbers.

The Poll Tax and the Negro

IT IS EXTREMELY gratifying to watch, even at a distance, the unanimity of interest the Afro-American publicists of the South are taking in the question of the payment of the poll-tax by members of the colored race. While the disfranchising infamy of the South excludes from the ballot a large number of patriotic colored men, yet it is possible for a number to vote who do not do so, by the payment of what is called the poll-tax, payable in most of the Southern states yearly, and which is applied, in most instances, to the support of the public schools. In discussing the problem of the ballot at the South the New York "Sun" recently took the position that the Southern Negro would never care about voting, disfranchising laws

or no disfranchising laws, as long as he was compelled to pay any kind of tax for such privilege; the "Sun" further ventured to say that even the Negro in the North would not care to exercise the suffrage if he were compelled to pay any tax whatsoever before he could do so. This, we believe, is not true. It is true, too true, sadly true, that there are a large number of colored men in the South who do not vote, nor yet register, and in order to do either they have only to pay the poll-tax. In a large measure, the failure of the Southern Negro to grasp the situation is due to his ignorance of the law rather than to his neglect of his duty and opportunity. The average colored man in the South has heard somewhere from somebody that he has been excluded from the ballot simply because of his color. He has made no additional inquiry. As a matter of cold fact he was so excluded. But those interested in his exclusion have insisted upon the main truth, referring only under compulsion to the clauses under which any part of the population may exercise the ballot. The reason, then, for what many call the stupidity of the Southern black men and colored men is no stupidity after all, certainly not natural stupidity. If there be stupidity anywhere in the history of the exclusion and failure to rehabilitate, it belongs on the account of the leaders of the race, who as we have pointed out time after time in this department, take entirely too little interest in the progress of the masses.

In Texas, where there is no disfranchising law—not yet—the "Dallas Express," edited by the dashing Wm. E.

King, is putting forth every effort within its power to arouse the colored men of the state to the necessity of paying the poll-tax before the prescribed date. This is a fair law, and no reasonable objection, we believe, can be raised to it. If it is applied to all men alike, without wavering, it is a good law; if it is not so applied, it is a bad law.

In Alabama and Mississippi and Louisiana the leaders of the colored people are insisting upon their payment of all the taxes prescribed in the statute books, the payment of which will insure a free and untrammelled ballot. The men of the race are responding to this solicitude with commendable eagerness. When men are willing to meet every requirement of the ballot law, it is then time to see to it that every privilege and every opportunity vouchsafed to free citizens are likewise vouchsafed to them.

We repeat: the political awakening on the part of both the leaders and masses of the colored people at the South is one of the most gratifying incidents in connection with the progress of the Afro-American people. A man in America is no man at all unless he can cast a free vote, and cast such without fear and without hindrance.

Joseph H. Choate, a New Friend

AT A GREAT mass-meeting held in Carnegie Hall recently in the interest of Negro education, Joseph H. Choate, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Robert C. Ogden and Booker T. Washington were the speakers. Aside from the address by Mr. Washington the occasion is still memorable and instructive, memorable because of its far-reaching influence; instructive because it in-

troduced the Negro to a new friend, rather a friend who has never been identified prominently with the efforts that have been put forth from time to time, in behalf of the Negro. And this new old friend is not only extremely intelligent, but he is of great influence with the citizenry of his country. It should be said in passing that the men who honored that Carnegie Hall meeting with presence and speech would not have done so but for the influence of Booker Washington; and but for his personality, forcefully aggressive without undue harshness, robed in perfect and beautiful simplicity, neither of those distinguished Americans would have spoken so earnestly for the American Negro, so admiringly of his progress, so hopeful of his future. It cannot be denied that Booker Washington is doing more, both in his works and speech, to revolutionize sentiment regarding the American Negro than all other forces working, negatively or positively, for his advancement. It is well for the Afro American that at this point in his struggle there is a Booker Washington. It will be a sad day when he passes from the stage of thought and action.

The most interesting address delivered at the Carnegie Hall meeting, excepting, of course, the wonderful defense by Mr. Washington, was the address by Mr. Choate, leader of the American bar, and doubtless the foremost of all New York's brilliant publicists. His address was pitched in liberty's key, and he delivered such without a discord, without a false note. We, all of us, have known Mr. Choate for these many years as a brilliant lawyer,

eloquent orator, sagacious statesman, a most successful diplomat, but few knew that he had such a grasp of the great internal problem of our country. His acquaintanceship with the progress of the American Negro, his ambitions, aspirations, hopes, and faith, as displayed in his address at the Tuskegee meeting, were both surprising and gratifying. His knowledge of the statistical facts in connection with the present status of the Negro disclosed a studious regard for an important element in the common population of which Mr. Choate is somewhat of an idol. Indeed, it is impossible to define the complete surprise Mr. Choate furnished the whole country in his speech upon the Negro, the only speech, we believe, he has contributed to the discussion. He plead that the fullest opportunity be given the Negro for the highest development. He pointed to the array of the talented Tenth in support of his contention that the race was capable of all things of which all other races are capable. He dwelt long and eloquently upon the fact that the illiteracy among Negroes has been cut squarely down the center within forty short years; he denied most vehemently that educated Negroes constitute the criminal element of the race, and exploded at one thrust this infamous anomaly that the enemies of the American Negro would establish. He said that he was proud of the contributions the Negro had brought to the national life. Finally, he predicted for the race a high place in America's future homogeneity.

In Mr. Choate the colored people have a friend. His friendship should be cul-

tivated. It may be cultivated by proving to him that the race is behind no other element in the possession of the virtues of citizenship, nor in its ambition for a higher and more useful existence.

A Suggested Monument

DR. ROBERT E. JONES, editor of the "Southwestern Christian Advocate," recently suggested that the Afro-American people should erect some kind of monument to the brave white men who fought with tongue, pen and sword for their physical freedom. He further suggested that the matter should be taken up immediately by a commission of colored men, who would begin to raise a sum, wholly from colored people, for that purpose. Dr. Jones would have the monument completed and unveiled in 1913.

This suggestion, we think, is both wise and patriotic. It seems that the colored people of America would, in some way other than by proving their worthiness of all the advantages of American civilization, commemorate in stone the words and deeds of their defenders. The world is often moved to compassionate judgment by such a demonstration of gratitude.

If such a monument as Dr. Jones has in mind, whatever its character, could not be erected by 1913, it could not be erected within even a century later. If Grant and Lincoln and Sumner and Garrison deserve no such commemorative object at the hands of American Negroes, all statues and monuments everywhere are a hissing. And if the American Negroes, living by the blood of these men, and those who thought as

they thought, will not undertake to raise a fund for that purpose, they are not as grateful as they should be, nor as much as we hold they are.

Dr. Jones will find that the best way to begin such a movement, is to begin it. He has a splendid opportunity to put his suggestion into practical service.

Joseph Wheeler

THE Confederate Generals are passing away. So are the Union Generals. But the death of a Confederate leader is always of deep interest because of the fortune which has attended all of them since they were whipped, a fortune smiling gladly upon each of them who repented and applied for admission into the fold. The history of the Confederacy is not nigh as interesting and instructive as the history of the lives of most of its defenders since the war. Such a history when written, as it will be written, and we trust by some competent interpreter, will form one of the most romantic chapters in all the annals of this Republic. There will be two such histories written; one by an impartial member of the white race, and one by an impartial member of the black race. Posterity, the supreme court, will be abler to pass upon the merits of these men, apostates and traitors, with such evidence before it. Posterity will soon be called upon to assign Joseph Wheeler to his place in the life of the Confederacy for which he fought, and in the life of the new Republic against which he strove bravely and madly, and which, forgetting, with great magnanimity, his part in the battles against order and freedom, took him in and gave him high place while he

lived, and recovered him with all the honors of a noble soldier upon his death. America alone could have witnessed such conduct.

Joseph Wheeler, who died recently in Brooklyn, was a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, having been trained there at the expense of the people of the Union. When the great civil war came he was a Lieutenant in the army of his country. When the President of the Rebellion called for volunteers, Wheeler was first among a number of young officers of the army who laid aside the blue and donned the gray, thus committing an act of the purest treason. He fought, during the four years of the struggle, on an hundred battlefields, fought for the overthrow of the government which had supported and educated him and clothed him with authority. He distinguished himself for bravery, earning promotion after promotion. When the war closed Wheeler was a Major-General. He had fairly won the honor.

After the fall of the Confederacy General Wheeler returned to his home in Alabama and turned planter, enslaving a large number of former slaves to develop his lands. He was an idol of the Southern people. He had fought their fight. He had lost, but, they reckoned, if there had been more Joe Wheelers on the field, the stars and bars would not have been furled and laid away in disgrace. And so, when, in 1880, the Republican party in Alabama, left without a general upon the death of Rapier, black and brilliant, began to totter, General Wheeler was put forward for a Representative in Congress by his dis-

trict. He won in the first election, and won in all succeeding elections, resigning his seat nineteen years after to fight for his country in the skirmish with Spain.

He rendered himself conspicuous during his years in Congress by accomplishing nothing. He took his stand against the black people of the Republic at his first sitting, and held such stand unto the end. He was never brave enough to defend liberty, never fair enough to concede the rights of a majority of his constituents. He was a negative character. But we could not have expected other of him, could we? He had deserted his country after it had educated him; can you imagine one guilty of such treason standing out for liberty?

During the skirmish with Spain General Wheeler was in Cuba commanding his country's troops; among such were the bravest of the brave—the regiments composed of black soldiers—who, under his supervision, but not command, reached the top of San Juan Hill just in time to see the Spaniards descend on the opposite grade. General Wheeler was forced to pay a tribute to these men, sons of those he had fought to keep shackled. After the Spanish skirmish General Wheeler entered the Regular Army, saw service in the Philippines for two days, returned a hero to his country and was placed on the retired list with pay. Until the day of his death he lived in ease and luxury at the expense of the government he had deserted in his youth, and died well-known and respected. He was not brave. If he were he did not prove it by his conduct. Robert E. Lee, under

no circumstance, at the bidding of no man, at the call on no bugle, at the entreaty of even his bosom friends, would never have accepted a pension from this government, after he had once thrown aside its uniform to wear another typical of hostility to it. That is bravery. Wheeler was not a brave soldier. He was a gentleman, in the acceptance of that word. More than that we cannot say.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, for twenty-five years rector of St. George's Church, New York City, has resigned because of continued ill-health. For a number of years Dr. Rainsford has been the foremost representative of the Episcopal pulpit of New York. He has served his city and country with the same honesty and ability he brought to bear upon his work in the church, so that in losing him as its rector, St. George also loses, for the present, at least, its place at the head of the list of useful New York churches.

The Afro-American people have an interest, or should have an interest, in the well-being of Dr. Rainsford. He has been a consistent defender of human rights during all the years of his life, and has taken an unusual interest in the life and progress of the colored people of America. For many years he has been especially solicitous as to the progress of Negro education, giving freely and largely of his time, money and influence for the cause. Several years ago Dr. Rainsford accepted the invitation of Dr. Booker T. Washington to deliver the annual sermon at Tuskegee Institute during the commencement

season. His visit to Tuskegee gave him a new vision, a new soul, a new determination. And so, during the years since his appearance at Tuskegee, he has passed no opportunity to defend the education of the Negro or to influence, wheresoever he could, support for such. In losing Dr. Rainsford's presence in New York, the cause of the American Negro loses a valuable, able, and powerful ally. St. George is a great church, numbering among its membership men prominent in the affairs of the city, nation and world. J. Pierpont Morgan, R. Fulton Cutting, and men of such character and prominence are the pillars of the church, and such men as these Dr. Rainsford has brought to the side of the American Negro.

St. George's is a most liberal church, and its liberality is due to the personality of Dr. Rainsford, who in the gathering of seven thousand souls around him has used the cord of love rather than the hooks of fear. It is only necessary to say that the Afro-American people are represented in the institution by Mr. Harry T. Burleigh, who is a baritone soloist of the church choir, and has been for twelve years. Between him and Dr. Rainsford there has always existed an affectionate and intimate regard.

The Episcopal Church in America has lost two good men in recent months. Their departure from the pulpit is a distinct loss to the Afro-American people. Dr. E. Winchester Donald of Boston passed away some time ago. Dr. Rainsford retires from active work. Great preachers. Strong men. Christians. Lovers of humanity. Such men

are rare and the world can ill-afford to lose them.

Another Labor Rumor

FOR THE past five years the American people have been debated almost unto agony with the proposition of supplanting Negro labor in the South with Italian labor. To this subject we have devoted much space and thought. But it deserved all of either that has been given to it. The Italians have been suggested, from time to time, as the most desirable labor to carry into the South to supplant Negro farm labor; in some instances the experiment has been tried. Only at one point, on an Arkansas plantation, has the experiment paid. Either the Italians have died off or they have refused to spend their earnings with those who employed them, which, to the Southern planter, is the same as dying; and so, the agitation for Italian labor for Southern fields is not as aggressive or as favored to-day as about this season of last year. We feel that this phase of the labor question will, in some way, adjust itself; we also feel that, in some way, the Southern Negro farm laborer will adjust himself to the new conditions springing up around him.

The latest move of the labor reformers is their plan for the shipping into the South, to the principal manufacturing points, five thousand Polish workmen a year for five years to supplant Negro factory labor. The chief mover in the new plan is the manager of the American Car and Foundry Company, supported by a manufacturers' committee.

Now this agitation gives us not the

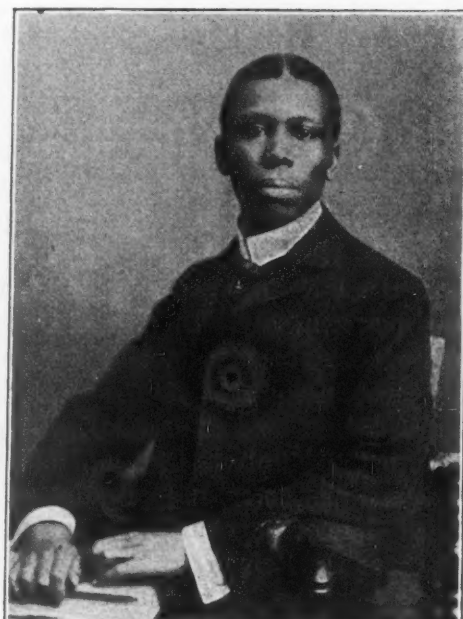
least concern, not the least. In the first instance, the Negro as a factory employé at the South has not been given an opportunity to show whether he would make an acceptable workman, yea or nay. He has been discriminated against in that direction in the same proportion that he has been relied upon as a farm laborer. He has acquiesced in the discrimination as complacently as if the discriminators were conferring a favor by excluding him. So in supplanting Negro factory labor by Polish labor, or any other kind, the job is about the easiest that the men who are behind it could tackle. If they can serve the poor Poles by bringing them into the South, bring them on and quickly; the Negro will be neither discommoded nor offended.

In the second place, when you talk of bringing foreign labor into the South to do factory work, you are striking at the bread and butter of the Southern white man. We have nothing to say about that. He dominates the factories at the South, works in them, bosses them and controls them. And he will take care of himself against the Poles and all other comers. We should like to see ten thousand Poles shipped into the South to supplant the native factory labor, for there has been nothing exciting at the South in many a year.



BANKS under the direction and control of colored men continue to spring up, especially in the South. If these people keep hammering away they will solve the race problem sure, and solve it by the only method it will stay solved.

Paul Laurence Dunbar



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR is dead. To the writer he was a dear and lovable friend, whose loss is a personal grief, and whose place, in affectionate regard and purest comradeship, can never be filled. In commenting upon his career, and upon his works, we shall remove him, as far as is possible, from the realm of friendship, and consider him as a man of letters, a citizen, a poet, a teacher. We cannot do him justice now. He is not long enough dead; and such a review as should appear in these columns must necessarily be short; then the grief we bear weighs too heavily upon our heart to permit of writing either judicious or coherent. At some future time, through many agencies, both in the press and from the forum, we shall trust to contribute something just and something permanent to his peaceful and inspiring memory.

Paul Laurence Dunbar was born at Dayton, Ohio, in 1872. He was nearly thirty-four years when he died. At the age when man is just beginning to peep over the hill of Life, a great soul lays down its burden. He cannot be forgotten. He wrote his name high among the geniuses of the new world. Say what we will, think of him in the flesh as we please, dwell however long upon his shortcomings, nod your head, thou hypocrite, whenever his name is called around the board where calumny answers for wit, his place in American Letters is high and secure, even as the place of Poe is secure. Both were geniuses. This is yet a straight-laced, stiff-hearted nation, and genius, yea, even brain, suffers in life from abuse, in death from abuse also. And so, being a genius in life, Dunbar will receive the reward of a genius in death.

Dunbar is the first of Afro-American poets, as he is first among American poets. He interpreted the soul-longing of his like in music such as we had not before heard. And in the same measure, if not the same key, he struck the chords of this new, wild life. He was a poet of interpretation.

Dunbar was born in poverty. He died in the honor of his country, and the foremost imaginative and poetic representative of an important element in its population; indeed from poverty, from obscurity, in spite of his color, which was black, he rose to an eminence in the thought of the world, such as the most ambitious, the most imaginative, the most poetic, would have deemed high enough for the perch of one whose flight had been made with the wings of

opportunity, prepared by the masters, under whose direction, often, mediocrity makes ready for its battle with genius. Dunbar educated himself; that is, he educated himself in the thoughts that are of service in such a career as his. After his graduation from the public school of Dayton, he became an elevator conductor; and it was while engaged in this work that he really drunk of the knowledge that inspired him. At eventide he read the masters; in early morning he tried his own lyre. In 1893 he published his first volume of verse, entitled "Oak and Ivy." The critics therefrom caught the distant strain of a mighty song, a song behind whose note there was marching a mighty people. William Dean Howells read "Oak and Ivy." Thereupon he introduced Paul Laurence Dunbar to the literary world. He didn't introduce him but one time. Few careers are made by introductions. Introductions are more lasting when he who needs such introduces himself.

During the last ten years Mr. Dunbar's pen has been busy, busy putting down the wails and aspirations of a people, its tears and its smiles. His works, both poetry and prose, have been read with great interest and sympathy in Europe and in America. It is said that he wrote sufficient verse and stories to fill seventeen volumes. We do not believe this; perhaps, however, he did, for we have seen him write nine hours without arousing himself a moment, as if he were in the clutch of some powerful spirit. But we promised merely to refer to him in this review; we cannot go into his works, however much we should

like to do so. Dunbar will go down in history as the father of the literature of a race, and as a great singer of a great country. Beyond his merit as a poet the world is not interested. The Afro-American people would justify their freedom and presence as a part of this nation if they did no more than call the name of Dunbar when their defamers begin a derogation of them, and base calumniators roll their sour tongues.

Luke E. Wright, Ambassador.

LUKE E. WRIGHT of Tennessee has been appointed by the President Ambassador to Japan. He is the first Ambassador that the American Republic has sent to Tokio. The rank of the American diplomat to Japan was raised from the Ministership to the Ambassadorship after the treaty of Portsmouth, after Japan, by conduct, upon both the battlefield of thought and the battlefield of war, had demanded such recognition for her genius as a link in the chain of modern government. The Japanese representative at Washington has also been raised to the Ambassadorship; indeed, Japan took the initiative in changing the rank of the diplomatic representative to the court of either country. Japan is a master nation; such has been proven in the province of war and the province of brains.

Luke E. Wright, until three months ago, was Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, succeeding Secretary Taft when he was called to the head of the War Department at Washington. Before he was appointed Governor-General he was a conspicuous member of the Philippine Commission, being originally named by President McKin-

ley, who, for reasons unknown, at least to us, loved Wright very much. Neither as a member of the Philippine Commission nor as Governor-General did he give satisfaction either to his country, the administration of which had great confidence in his ability, nor the Filipinos, the majority of whom had no confidence whatever either in his ability or sincerity. Wright hails from Tennessee, from Memphis at that, the home of the vilest brand of race prejudice. There are few men who believe, or will ever believe, that a man nurtured and raised in Memphis, howsoever he might cling to the vine of liberty, could govern ten millions of colored people with any degree of wisdom or sympathy. As a governor Wright was a pleasing failure. He carried to the islands a superabundance of the most malicious prejudice, a prejudice he had been absorbing for fifty years, and for which, poor fellow, as all such men are piteous, he is not wholly responsible. He made never a move, while in the service at Manila, for the cementation of the good will, or for the winning of the confidence of the Filipino people, that he did not annul such on the morrow by a blunder, as malicious as perceptible. He did not enjoy the confidence of the Filipinos when he was a commissioner; this suspicion assumed a larger and more pronounced distrust after Mr. Wright became the Governor-General. His decline in the estimation of this people, so trustful, so faithful, so loyal to all agencies in which they have the least confidence, is regrettable, to put it mildly. It is not too much to say that the hostile feeling against this Republic,

which is daily increasing among all Filipinos, is directly traceable to the attitude Wright assumed upon his ascendancy to the throne. He could have inspired confidence in all elements of the archipelago, confidence in himself, confidence in his country. He inspired distrust and promoted disloyalty. Instead of assuming, as he should have assumed, that the Filipinos were men recently relieved from despotic rule, he met them as slaves whose chains had been broken but a day. Upon this point he failed, miserably failed, as a ruler.

President Roosevelt, desiring, doubtless, to relieve Wright from the humiliation he would suffer if recalled and retired, sends him to Japan, after praising him in public print for his service in the Philippines. White men born in the South do not work well when thrown in contact with men not of their color.

JOHN W. ROBINSON, one of the ablest graduates of Tuskegee, has just returned to this country after five years in Africa where, under the direction of the Kalonial Kommittee of Germany, he has been superintending all the experimental work in planting, which has been prosecuted with so much vigor and success. Mr. Robinson is the last of the original four to return; one will never return. J. N. Callaway, who had charge of the original party, is now at Tuskegee; Allan Burke, broken in health, returned three years ago; the strongest member of the party, Shephard L. Harris, died of fever in the work.

A second party was sent out last year, and was put under the immediate direc-

tion of Mr. Robinson. These men have done good work, and are still doing good work, in introducing improved methods of agriculture, and by their personal influence.

DR. W. R. PETTIFORD, President of the Alabama Penny Savings Bank, has suggested the organization of an Afro-American Bankers' Association in connection with the Atlanta meeting of the National Negro Business League. Dr. Pettiford is a banker of long experience, and generally understands what he is about. That there should be some kind of an organization of the colored bankers is quite obvious. There are too many of them now to be without some central organization. There are nearly fifty colored men in direct control, and three times that number indirectly connected with financial institutions and organizations are healthy, stimulating, and inspiring, and when controlled by sane and characterable men, are able of accomplishing much good.

We trust that an organization such as Dr. Pettiford has in mind will be perfected.

THE birthday of Frederick Douglass, February 14, is gradually developing into a holiday among the Afro-American people, who this year, in many sections of the Republic celebrated Douglass in song and story. In Washington city the Pen and Pencil Club, an organization of literary men, gave a brilliant banquet in honor of the day, and invited a large number of well-known public men.

CAANIAN

By MATTHEW D. BENNETT

[Rufus L. Perry, the well-known Brooklyn lawyer, recently purchased several acres of land on Long Island, which he contemplates selling to Afro-American families.—News item]



DEAH DINAH ain't you heahed de news 'bout dat ar cullud man,
Way up No'th, wot come 'long, an' 'scivered Caanian lan'?
"Why lordy, Eph'm, I ain't heahed nuthin' kase ah'se not bin out;
G-o-n-e, Honey, an' tell yoah Dinah, wot it am all 'bout."

You see, Dinah, way up yondah somewhars 'roun' 'bout New York town,
Why dar's a pow'ful trac' o' lan' wot dis heah man's done foun',
An' ez he 'us heap mo' smart den seb'd cullud men would bin,
He tuk de chance to raise de fun's, an' den he sot rite in.

Yas, he bought up forty lev'n doz'n acres o' dat lan',
Now, Dinah, don't you think we'd bettah start soon ez we can?
Why dar'll be nuthin' but cullud fo'ks fo' to rule dat country thu';
My! dat beats Abe Linkum, Dinah, glory hallerlu!

Cullud preachers, cullud teachers, an' a big, fat cullud jedge,
Wid a gang o' cullud 'p'licemuns dat'll nebbah break de pledge;
Cullud juries sett'n 'round' jes proud ez any Zah,
A-lis'nin' to dose lawyahs wot's a pleadin' at de bah.

"An' Eph'm, Honey, wlll a cullud Mayor hab de 'trollin' o' dat lan'?"
Ya, Dinah Deah, an' dar'll be a liddle cullud ban';
An' strutt'n 'hind dat cullud ban', all up an' down de hill,
Will be de lublies cullud gals, all drest up fit ter to kill.

Some a-coat'n, some a-spoat'n, oh! dem royal sons o' Ham,
Cullud sojer boys, Deah Dinah, toat'n flags o' Uncle Sam;
An' dey'll hab a cullud fiah 'trole, wid a big chief roustabout,
A-gittin' to de place jes 'bout de time de fiah am out.

Dahkeys running' 'lectic cahs, a-flyin' froo de ahr. W-h-o-e-e!
Wid dair conductahs gwine 'roun' a-leckin' up yoah fahr. W-h-o-e-e!
An' dey'll hab a Dahkey Constable, a-sett'n 'pon a stool,
A-seein' dat de fo'ks carries out de County's rule.

An' in dat lan' of co'n an' wine, 'cross on Long Islun' Sou'n',
Wot lawyah Rufus Perry, he done struggled fo' to foun',
Ah 'clar 'twill be a par'dice fo' eny cullud man—
Now, Dinah, don't you think we'd bettah start soon ez we can?"

Idealism and Materialism

BY CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

THERE are those who assert that there is no Negro Problem. I am of the number who know there is at least the Negro's problem of how to eradicate color-prejudice and race-hatred, and of how to over-come the obstacles which confront him, owing to the prevailing condition of affairs.

True, there should be no Negro Problem; true also, it is not the Negro's making, but has been forced upon him by circumstances over which he has no control.

There are many reasons why this question interests me greatly; among such reasons I may cite the following three:—(a) the interest of one who is directly affected: (and we are told that self-preservation is the first law of nature): (b) the interest of the humanitarian in the condition of his fellow-man; (particularly when said fellow-man is oppressed): (c) the interest of a mother who looks apprehensively into a future fraught with portentous omens to her children.

These reasons give me the right—even though I am a woman—to think, to discuss, to form opinions and to express them concerning questions so vitally important as the Race Problem.

I have closely followed the discussion which has waged so hotly concerning the manner of the solution of the problem and the kind of education to be given to the Negro. I have read the opinion of our white friends and of our

white enemies regarding the future of the Afro-American. I have also read the arguments advanced by the best minds of our own race on the subject. I deplore the fact that we have by internal disagreements and discussions added to the already sadly confused state of affairs.

The result of such internal disagreement has been to leave on the public mind the impression that the race is divided into two schools of thinkers,—the Idealists and the Materialists; and that the ideas held by each are in direct opposition; that they are hopelessly antagonistic.

The Materialists will declare with conviction that industrialism is the only solution of the problem; while the Idealists maintain with equal fervor that it is through the higher education alone that the problem is to be solved.

My object in this article is an attempt to harmonize the two schools of thought; to show that both are essential and that each is indispensable to man's proper and well-rounded development. To show that one merges into the other so insensibly that no man can say, "Lo! here is the dividing line;" or "there."

"Shall we materialize the Negro" is the frenzied inquiry of one? "Will industrial education solve the problem," cries another. To the first of the queries we answer, Yes, just in proportion as we idealize him. We read in Genesis that a wise Creator made man of the

dust of the ground. He breathed into him the breath of life and man became a living soul. Thus we see that man is neither all mind nor all matter, but a wise admixture of both; and to bring to perfection this noblest work of God, man's whole nature must be properly nurtured and developed. Some one has said that the end of education is to produce a sound mind in a sound body. Granted that the mind is the finer, more delicate part of man's machinery, how long shall we maintain a sound mind in a diseased body; and how long shall we keep a sound body if it is not properly nourished; and how long shall we have nourishment if there be no one materialistic enough "to keep the garden and dress it" or to cast the nets.

And in this connection I wish to recommend to your careful consideration, Corinthians, xii. This is a clear exposition of the folly of one member of the body assuming to be of greater importance or honor than another, and makes clear the inter-dependence of the members upon each other. It also furnishes an apt illustration of the point under discussion.

Man has his material needs, and both must be considered. The question is not, "Shall we minister wholly to his material being," nor "Shall we reckon only with his spiritual nature;" but, "How may we best meet the needs of the entire man, physical and spiritual?"

Show me the nation whose ideals are not built upon a solid foundation of material comfort, and I will show you a nation without prestige among the nations of the world. The idealist must be somewhat of a materialist and

the materialist must be somewhat of an idealist. A well-known saying might happily be paraphrased thus,—“Show me your ideals without works, and I will show you my ideals by my works.”

The man with “a two-story brick business block in the centre of a town and \$5000 in the bank” is pretty sure to have ideals.

However, no one element or influence will procure for the Negro the full enjoyment of his rights as an American citizen. Brick houses alone will not do it; christian character alone will not do it. At this writing the combination of brick houses and christian character has not done it. The Negro has yet to find the “Open Sesame” which will give to him immunity from the curse of color prejudice.

That school of thinkers, known more specifically as Idealists, in its argument against the ideas held by the other school known as Materialists, says, “Industrialism can discover pigments, but she cannot paint a picture; she can tune a harp, but she cannot awake its strings to music; she can make ink, but she cannot write a single line of poetry.”

True! And yet the Materialist can reply with equal truth and logic: “What benefit is there in the most beautiful picture that ever ravished the soul of an artist if there are no pigments to give it visible form on canvas;” or “What matters the skill, conception and technique of the master-musician if the instrument be unstrung;” or “What profit in the sublime, lofty grandeur of the poet's thought if there be no commonplace ink to give it perpetuity.”

Cannot the two schools of thinkers be brought to see that each is dependent upon the other? We want the ideals of life; we need the material things of life. Let us have both in proper proportion.

The magazine, such as this, which holds up before us the beautiful ideals of life, would be an utter impossibility were it not for the worker in rags, in pigments, in ink. And who shall say whether the thought which it brings is more essential than the vehicle in which it is brought—to the sum of human progress and happiness?

After all, such discussions as "Shall we materialize the Negro" and "Will industrial education solve the problem" are fruitless in the extreme. They lead nowhere.

Is the Negro a man? If so, educate him according to the most approved methods of modern ideas of education. Whether he attends a college whose curriculum embraces technical training, or a trades school with a college curri-

culum, matters little. Build the colleges, the universities and the trades schools, and let the student select the school of his choice.

It is a sad mistake to attempt to pit the college against the trade school and the trade school against the college. Both are needed; both will prove helpful agencies in the development of any people. Let them work together harmoniously, the work of the one supplementing the work of the other.

Finally, let us materialize the Negro: let us idealize the Negro. Let us educate his whole being; let us develop him physically, mentally, spiritually.

Will this solve the problem? Who can tell? Only a change of heart in the white man will do that—a wiping out of the sentiment of Race-Prejudice.

Upon this monster let us make a united assault. Under the leadership of the three great generals, Idealism, Materialism and Patriotism, a wisely-directed attack, will, let us hope, effectually put to flight the old imposter.



The Negro in Business in Greater New York

By W. E. H. CHASE

THE casual observer going around Greater New York and vicinity is frequently filled with admiration and delight when he observes the rapid strides made by the colored men in the various avenues of life. To be a

from under him everything of value and leave him drifting towards failure. Therefore when you see a man in the same old spot and his shingle still flying to the breezes for a large number of years, it is an established fact that great effort has been made to render it possible for him to hold the fort.

It is the intention of the writer to take up the business men and women of Greater New York and vicinity and show, as far as possible, their doings along with the various clubs, societies and other institutions worthy of note. In this particular Edward Watkins, proprietor of the True Reformer Burial Association, is the target at which I shall first aim. Mr. Watkins is a native of Petersburg, Va. He came here twenty-seven years ago and took up his home in the "City of Churches." Upon his arrival he became a bootblack in a barbershop and cleaned up nights and mornings to pay for the privilege. It was not long before he secured a position as a waiter in a club house. Looking



EDWARD WATKINS

successful business man in New York requires adroitness, activity and constant attention. One who allows his zeal to lag only finds himself overcome by pressing conditions, likely to sweep

ing always to better his condition and eager to accomplish his desires he accepted a better situation in a road house, where he began to save his earnings until he had acquired enough to

embark in the undertaking business. He took with him a partner, who, after a few months, severed his connection with the Burial Association and started an independent business.

Mr. Watkin's warerooms are located at 788 Fulton street, where he has been for several years. His aptness in advertising has given him a wide acquaintance, having had several hundred attractive cards printed and placed in neat frames and displayed at the churches, halls and other public places. In his experiences in his business he speaks of one which nearly took his nerve. One day a big doctor in one of the wealthiest sections of Brooklyn called Mr. Watkins over the telephone and gave him an address to go to prepare a body for burial. Being familiar with the section, Mr. Watkins wondered what it meant, as he knew no colored people were in that section, even as ser-

vants. However, he got together his best rig and sought the number. The large brown stone front made him change colors for a minute, but mustering sufficient courage he rang the bell and was without ceremony ushered into the death chamber, in the house of a very rich family and performed his task. The material used was costly and elaborate, and when the business was completed Mr. Watkins found himself several hundred dollars richer from the experience.

Mr. Watkins has the reputation of being polite and civil when officiating at a funeral and is regarded as a careful and gentle director. He has the aptitude of furnishing the paraphernalia for the obsequies with much taste and possesses a well equipped shop for the purpose. He turns out as fine a rig as any undertaker in Brooklyn and takes much pride in the general appearance of things.

Albert Topping, Horseman

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I AM SURE your readers will be interested to know that the "Society for the Protection of Animals in Jamaica" has awarded a medal to a colored man, Mr. Albert Topping, a coachman and driver connected with a leading hotel. Mr. Topping's horses show the result of his love and care, not only in a physical way, but the expression of their eyes is different from that of the ordinary public carriage

horse. More intelligent, and happier.

There is no more sensitive animal than the horse. He is made nervous by loud voices, and he suffers from unkind words and rough treatment. He is highly appreciative of affection, and responds to a tender, considerate master, by giving willing service.

The roads of Jamaica are hard and smooth, but the island is mountainous, and the long drives to which the horses

and mules and donkeys are subjected here necessitates a tremendous strain.

Yesterday we took a forty mile drive through wonderful scenery, with the good Topping at the reins. At St. Anns Bay, the half way point, we stopped for lunch and rest, and after two hours, Topping returned with the fine team of bays, looking as fresh as when we started.

"My horses had a fine bath and swim in salt water," he said. "They enjoyed it greatly, and will make this 20-mile drive back easily." Up the steepest mountain grade, a pull of about two miles, Topping walked and we followed his example, for one mile of the distance, relieving the horses of five hundred pounds of weight. Up and down hill he spares his horses, and on the even road he speeds them along, stopping twice in the twenty miles to rest.

At the station ten miles distant from the hotel, where I went recently to meet a friend, there were perhaps twenty vehicles waiting. Two teams from Topping's stables were, in every respect, the best looking and best cared for of all.

The colored race in Jamaica has proven what the Negro can do by perseverance and patient industry and ambition. Mr. W. H. Plant, who is the Principal of the Graded Schools at Port Antonio, is a second Booker Washington, and is doing much for the advancement of the race here.

It would seem worth your while to employ a correspondent in Jamaica, to report matters worthy of note upon this island. I think it would encourage and help the colored race in America to read of all their people are accomplishing here.

IN MARCH

By CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON

THE last chill wind brought snow and ice and sleet ;
 Like Christmas trees a dawn from Christmas night
 The forest were a wreath of silvern white ;
 At morn the sun burst full with glimmering heat,
 The South wind waft, across the greening wheat,
 A robin's note to cheer my heart's dim night ;
 Borne back to answer him my soul's first flight
 This tribute to his vernal song's high beat :
 Didst thou from Hope's high minaret foresee
 Wild March with sheeted, icy hands of storm
 Would wake the trees and set the sap-life free ?
 The faith of thy frail song—insistent, clear,
 Though faltering notes, hath made the day less drear.

Booker T. Washington Orphanage of California

By J. LINCOLN DERRICK

AN INSTITUTION of which the Afro-American people of California are extremely proud is the Booker T. Washington Orphanage at San Francisco, which was organized now two years ago, and which is fastly developing into a most helpful and useful home for the Afro-American waifs that may from time to time be sent to it.

The orphanage is the child of necessity. A few years ago the attention of some of the most thoughtful men and women of the colored race residing in San Francisco was called to the increasing number of orphans among them. These children sprang up, as it were, in a night and filled the streets of the city. The question, "What shall we do with our orphans?" naturally arose. A meeting of the representatives of the progressive element of the race, called by Mrs. R. Tripp, the promoter of the idea of an orphanage, was arranged for at the home of Mrs. J. V. Campbell, who had taken a deep interest in social settlement work for a number of years. That was in 1903. Strangely enough, no time was lost over matters of organization. Those who came to that meeting, came with a single purpose, a single thought. The name it bears, the name of the leader of the new thought of the Afro-American people, was the unanimous choice of those present. That name stands for sacrifice, for service, for humility, for a great purpose. So does this orphanage. The motto, "Lift-

ing as We Climb," was chosen, not because the founders of the institutions felt the need of any motto, but because mottoes are often inspiring, and if they do no good, as generally they don't, certainly they do no harm.

The idea of an orphanage for colored children met a hearty welcome at the hands of the people, all the people, of San Francisco. Those of the white race who have always taken an interest in the progress of the colored people were especially moved because the Afro-American women had discovered a need amongst them and had gone out, single-handed, bravely, to meet such. The Afro-American people rallied surprisingly to the support of the women behind the movement and offered all the assistance they knew how. This manifestation of interest in the work reassured the promoters, and they were not long in making the work permanent by having the institution incorporated under the laws of California.

There were a few people, of course, who entertained doubts and expressed fears as to the permanency of the work. The women behind it felt now that there could be no failure, and pressed ahead to find a suitable home. A temporary home was immediately established, and Mother Clark, one of God's angels upon the earth, was placed in charge. The first call for assistance was for food and raiment. The response to this appeal was generous. The second appeal was

for financial assistance. The public readily answered. The work had struck the popular heart, and those who were fostering it knew that it had a place in the life of the city.

Very often, since the establishment of the institution, the question has been asked, Why do you establish a colored orphanage when there are a number of orphanages for all the people? Why do the colored people themselves draw the color line? Dear reader, we say to you what we said to our direct questioners: If you could have seen how the dear little hands of a two-year-old colored child were brutally burned by the matron of one of the orphan asylums for the crime of crying or for an act of disobedience, you would not press the question, you would ally yourself with the idea and the work of the orphanage.

The asylum, of course, is not yet self-sustaining. It has neither endowment nor regular income. The chief source of income is from entertainments, socials, concerts, and soliciting from door to door. There are several stanch friends of the home who make monthly donations towards its maintenance. The home now occupies a seven-room cottage on Clay street, the monthly rental of which is fourteen dollars, the price having been reduced by the owner because of the worthiness of the work. The home is opened to visitors on the second and fourth Thursday of each month. On such days a long line of friends come to inspect the work and

lend words of encouragement and cheer.

There are at present nine inmates. Of course at times the number is larger. There has been no time since the opening of the work that the number has been less. There are twenty members of the organization which direct the affairs of the institution. Rarely have twenty more loyal women banded themselves together in any work. There are no disputes, no contention, no disagreements. Each member during some time since the home was opened has made some personal sacrifice in order to help the work.

The present officers of the association are as follows; Mrs. L. E. Martin, president; Mrs. M. Derrick, vice president; Mrs. Laura Clark, vice president; Mrs. T. B. Morton, treasurer; Mrs. Eva Lunday, secretary; Mrs. E. Williams, matron; Mrs. H. Jackson, chairman of the House Committee; Mrs. J. V. Campbell, chairman of the Rescue Committee.

It would not be fair to close this article without mentioning the active interest always taken in the work by Mrs. Pillsbury, an estimable white woman of the highest character. Mr. J. C. Rivers and Mr. J. C. Veasy, themselves splendid citizens of the city, donate respectively yearly and monthly sums towards assisting the work.

All connected with the work feel that it is an indispensable link in the chain of public institutions that have to do with the saving and helping of mankind.



Free Sam; or, Bonds of the Confederacy

By T. H. MALONE

NEWS of fresh reverse at the front had just been received. Charleston was all excitement. The streets were filled with serious faced crowds, who gathered in small groups to discuss the situation and to hope that the tide of war would yet be turned and the cause of the Confederacy triumph. It was a beautiful day in the quaint and picturesque South Carolina metropolis. Not a cloud appeared to dim the brightness of the sun, while the softest of breezes crooned through the stately palmetto and swaying, dark, green foliage. Everywhere in the heart of the town slave women, with heads wrapped in gay bandanna handkerchiefs, flitted by, going from stores to homes with purchases, or slave men in jeans clothes and wide brimmed straw hats, intent on work their masters had ordered them to perform, engaged the attention. Once in a while came a black man who had no bundle in his hand and who was not in such a hurry. He carried a saw and hammer and stopped long enough to talk to a brown woman who did not wear a bandanna and blue cotton dress, but whose head was covered with a hat and wore some kind of a calico dress. And then other men carrying brick masons' or carpenters' tools passed, going at an ordinary gait. It was evident that these Negroes were of a different type to the class first mentioned, for when white men of the town passed them it was with a "howdy,

Alec," or "howdy, Mary" and sometimes with a short conversation. In the course of an hour possibly twenty or thirty of them might be seen on the streets or at work on buildings or in stores. They were shown marked respect by the other Negroes, and especially by those from the adjacent islands who happened to be in town on errands for their owners. They were the "free Negroes" who, while not enjoying freedom such as the white man enjoyed, were nevertheless not anybody's property and were accorded many more rights and privileges than were accorded the slaves. They had obtained this species of freedom in some instances by paying certain sums of money to their former owners, and in some cases by being given their freedom voluntarily by masters who felt a consciousness that they should be liberated. Most of them owned property and some of them owned slaves.

On the streets of the residence section and the suburbs on this bright spring day, Negroes bearing baskets or trays on their heads or in their hands were calling out their wares they were selling in language almost unintelligible. "Heah be green pea an' tomarto, buy yer," one was singing, "heah be big hom'ny an' buttah milk," said another. Old "mamies" tidily dressed were sitting under the shade of friendly trees telling their young white charges tales of rabbits and foxes of wonderful prowess alternating with snatches of

weird old songs. Children of a larger size were industriously constructing from the white sand of the streets little fortifications for imaginary battles and engaging in bloodless warfare in imitation of what their fathers and brothers were doing at the real scene of war.

"What hab you dis day?" a fat, pleasant faced cook was asking a vegetable vendor at the side gate of a stately residence.

"Tomarto, green pea, shell oat arn late strawbe'y," he replied, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard twice the distance.

"I harv to come close arn look at 'im, arn see ef 'im sich as Mars Tommy arn young Miss ginully lak'," and then in a whisper: "What the news up town?"

"Oh go long, you know buckra man ain't let you ner me know nuttin' but ef I keeps mah eyes an' yeahs open I sees an' heahs er heap," and then raising his voice in a tone loud enough to be heard by Marse Tommy who was sitting on the broad porch, the huckster continued: "Yars dem tomarto an' green pea de bes' in all Ca'liny an' I knows 'Marse Tommy' an' 'Little Miss' will lak 'em."

"Maybe dey is an' maybe dey aint, but I allus takes my own time to choose mah white folks wegetables," in the same loud tone but softening to: "What de Yankees doin' now? Marse Tommy look like he grieving hisse'f ter death an' Little Miss say all de time ter me, she does: 'Mandy, ef ennything was ter happen would you allus stay wid me an' papa?' She say dat in sich a way dat it

makes me love her same as ef she was mah own flesh an' blood."

"Gimme er haf er dollah for dis two bunch," came the loud reply and then the soft one: "I aint hyeard nuttin' f'om de buckra but dey all tell me dat ole Sis Temy, de fortune teller, had a powerful vision night befor' las', an' it seem like all de whole, entiah worl' was kivered with Yankees arn dat our folks was er hollerin', 'I give up,' 'I give up.' Dey say her visions allus comes true in f'om one to three days, close on ter the change er de moon, but Marse Tommy lookin' dis way pow'ful long."

"Ef dese pea make any mah fo'ks sick don't you nevah show yo' skin ner count'nence at dis side gate long as you live," and Mandy, with her purchase, walked on back to the kitchen while the yelling of green peas and tomatoes died in the distance.

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The effect of the bad news was to bring a feeling of depression over the town and many predictions of more serious disasters yet to come were made. The same day that brought this news also brought information to the firm of Bradshaw and Pennington, brokers, that there was urgent need of money for the further carrying on of the war by the Confederate government, and that it was expected of the firm that they would dispose of more of the bonds that had been listed to their use. "It all comes at once, Penn" remarked the senior member of the firm on receipt of the information, "but how we are to do it is what puzzles me just now and I turn to you for the solution."

"Ask me something less difficult to

answer, Brad, and I will take pleasure in trying to give you a satisfactory reply."

"All the same I have an idea that we can do it" replied Bradshaw. "If the white men of the town have subscribed to their last cent I don't see why the Negroes should not help."

"The Negro?" "Why what do you mean?" queried Pennington.

"I mean, my dear boy," continued Bradshaw, "that there are about fifty free Negroes in and around this town who have hoarded in secret places or have in their homes probably fifty thousand dollars, yes a hundred thousand. I know also that but for the friendship and assistance of the men who are fighting for the South these Negroes would not only not have been free with the privileges they enjoy, but they would not have a penny of this money. Now why should they not take some part in helping to take up those bonds?"

"But you could never persuade them that way," said Pennington.

"That remains to be seen and I am going to do a little missionary work on that line," answered his partner.

The result of this decision on the part of Bradshaw was that very nearly all of the free Negroes of the town and vicinity were, three nights later, gathered at the home of Nelson Dereef, one of their number, to listen to a talk "for their good" by the two brokers who were also present. When all had gathered Bradshaw arose and stated the object of the meeting.

"We have come here" he said, "to talk over a matter we are all interested in. You have as much interest in it as

I or Mr. Penninton, in fact as much as any white man of the South. We all know that the war has been going on for some time and that it costs something to carry it on."

"That is true," came a response from some of the audience.

"Now every man in this house," continued the speaker, "has a right, and I might say a duty, to help the Confederate side, because every one here has received some benefit from Southern white men."

"There's truth in that," came a reply.

"Now then," resumed the broker, "the Confederacy has a right to ask you to help it in its hour of need. You can, and it is your duty to do so. Are you not willing to help?"

"Yes," was the response from nearly every one present.

"Of course you are, and I will tell you how. It is very well known that you people, by your labors and by favors shown you, have saved up money. That you were able to do so was due in great measure to the kindness of the white men of this community. Now, we want such of you as feel that you owe something to the Confederacy for what has been done for you, to help it by buying some of the bonds issued in its behalf, and which my partner and myself can sell you. This will help to win, and when we have won these bonds will be taken up and your money given back to you, with interest. Isn't that a fair trade?"

Murmurs of approval greeted the speaker.

"But I do not wish to deceive you.

Should we lose, you lose, and there would probably be no way for you to get back what you have paid out. You see I am leaving it to your honor and appeal to you on account of what has been done for you, believing that a feeling of gratitude on your part will make you take the risk, if it be a risk. And now having said about all I can on the subject, I would like to hear from you."

A tall man of apparently fifty years arose and fixed his gaze on the broker.

"I ain't got much talk to make on dis question. I am heah to tell de truth an' nutin' but de truth. I have save some money an' I am willin' fer some of it to go to he'p them what have he'p me make it," and Free Sam was applauded by all present as he took his seat.

It was evident that all present were of his way of thinking.

"And now," said Bradshaw, "since we are all agreed, you may show your desire to help by calling at my office in a day or two and we will wind up the matter." Then the meeting adjourned.

In a few days following nearly every man who had been present at Nelson Dereef's house listening to Bradshaw's appeal had made a purchase of bonds, but strangely enough, Free Sam, who had given strongest encouragement to the plan, had failed to put in his appearance at the office of the brokers.

"How does it happen, Sam, that most all the others have been to see us except you?" asked Pennington, meeting the old man one day.

"Mistah Penn'ton, I tries to live er straight life an' I knowledges I got

some money an' I'll use it for mah white frien's; but I got a bettah way to use it for 'em then by buying dese bon's. I spoke in favor of it de oder night 'ca'se I wanted to he'p you; but while mah money ain't goin' for dese bon's, it will be spent to he'p 'em as have he'ped me. You'll see I was right some of dese days," and the old Negro ambled on down the street.

Once more the festive vegetable huckster was calling his wares at Colonel Sanford's side gate.

"Wait er minute dar wid dem wegetable, 'ca'se I s'pose you got 'em to sell, and maybe I kin buy ef dey fresh," and Colonel Sanford's fat, good natured cook commenced a critical inspection of the huckster's basket.

Detecting the eyes of that latter individual peering in the direction of the front porch, Mandy reassured him with: "Mars Tommy ain't 'roun'; he in de back ya'd lookin' at de dogs an' chickens. What de news dis time?"

"Nuttin' 'ceptin' dat it seem like Sis Temy vision comin' true. De Yankees done took some big place ernothah an' ole Sherman ahmy ovah in Georgy ef it ain't done lef' dar. Ain't you hyeard yo' white fo'ks say nuttin' 'bout it?"

"Ain't hyeard er word 'bout it, chile," said Mandy, "but sometin' wrong. Mars Tommy so restless an' dat sweet chile des cry all de time des like she done when 'er mothah died arn her A'nt Sallie can't do nothin' wid 'er. She allus talkin' 'bout dat young Cap'n Holden what in de ahmy en hopin' he won't git hurt. She love

him, dat's er fact. An' yistiddy I hyeard Marse Tommy say to her dat ef de Yankees whips he's er ruint man."

"Sis Tempy say dey bleegeed ter whip 'ca'se her visions nevah does fail," interposed the huckster. "She say she gittin' so she kin heah de cannon balls arn see de horses shot f'om undah de gen'uls in her visions, You see things is gittin' in er pow'ful come to pass. Dis heah Con'fedit money ain't wuth nuthin'. Why you has to pay twenty dollahs fer er paih of brogan shoes arn er high price fer ev'ything else you buys."

"Yas I hyeard dat" said Mandy.

"Arn den whats mo' dan you evah hyeard tell on, dey say dat all dese free crowd held er meetin' de oder night an' 'cided to buy dese heah bon's."

"Arn what is dat?" questioned Mandy.

"I dunno but dey say Free Sam 'vised all de rest of 'em arn so dey did. Yes ma'm dey nevah was sich er time in ole Cha'lston."

"Dat Free Sam allus 'roun' dis house heah" rejoined Mandy, "er talkin wid Mars Tommy de same as ef he was er white man. He 'low he nevah gwine fergit Mars Tommy fer he'pin' him git his freedom long as he live. I allus was s'picious of 'im."

"Heah come Mars Tommy an little Miss," said the huckster, "bettah take dem vegetable arn go on in de ya'd. Things suah is wrong in ole Cha'lston," and the huckster passed on his way.

Colonel Sanford and Miss Reba took chairs on the porch. It was plain that both were troubled. "There is no use to worry, papa, things may yet turn

out favorably," she was saying to him.

"Yes, that is true" was the reply, but things do not look encouraging just now and with my plantation mortgaged to help carry on the struggle and the likelihood of losing all my Negroes and land what else can I do but worry? Then again in the event of defeat what are you and Holden going to do for he will also lose all?"

"My darling papa, you must not let these things trouble you so. Some how I believe it will all end well though all looks dark now. So far as Richard is concerned, he is young and strong and can work if it becomes necessary and besides I shall make myself contented whatever be his financial condition." The pretty young woman, who was the life of this home, bent down and kissed the forehead of her father and gently stroked his hair. To him she was the dearest object on earth.

She was one of the most loved girls of the town, not only by her own race but also by the Negroes on account of her kindly disposition and friendship for them. They all knew she was engaged to marry "dat young Cap'n Holden" who was away at the war and there was a general wish on their part that he might escape danger and return to make her life happy. Moreover it was agreed that on account of his generous and manly qualities he would make her a most desirable husband.

Nothing but bad news came from the front. Stories of reverses and hardships suffered by the armies came thick and fast. There were no more men to take the places of those killed or

wounded in battle, and but little money to sustain those who were able to fight. It was plain to be seen that the end was in sight. The final surrender was really a blessing to a people that had given so much to a cause that was destined to fail. When the remnants of once great armies laid down their arms and turned their faces homeward there was a feeling of satisfaction that the bloody carnage was at last over, and there came a brave and bold determination on the part of the conquered to enter upon the effort of upbuilding the country that had for four years been rent and depleted by the ravages of the war.

When Captain Richard Holden arrived at home he was immediately, on the news of his arrival being made known, the center of an interested and admiring group. Accounts of his bravery when under fire had preceded him and there was many a cordial handshake for him. Among the first things he did after a short rest at his home was to call at the Sanford residence.

"Jes' walk right in, Mistah Hol'n; Mars Tommy arn Little Miss both at home," explained Polly, the house girl, bowing and smiling, as she herself was quite glad to see the young officer, after which she left to announce the arrival of Captain Holden.

It was Colonel Sanford who first entered the room where the young officer was seated. Their greeting was of the nature of father and son and was touching in its tenderness. After it was over the young man was kept busy answering innumerable questions pertaining to the war and the part different individuals had played in it.

"I have spent many a weary hour," said the Colonel, "regretting the day old Bess ruined me," referring to a kick received from one of his horses which rendered him unfit to go to the war.

At that moment Polly entered to announce to the Colonel that he was wanted in the back yard to give direction to some work that was being done by the carpenters.

It might have been so designed, and it might not have been, but it nevertheless happened that the Colonel was scarcely on the back porch when the rustling of skirts indicated to Captain Holden that he was about to see the face that haunted his dreams when he had sought sleep on gory battlefields.

In a minute Reba was before him in all the beauty which he had so often pictured her.

Advancing to meet her he grasped her hand, and drawing her nearer, tenderly kissed her.

"Reba," he said.

"Richard," came the whispered reply.

"I am so inexpressibly glad to be with you again," said Holden. Tell me if you missed me much, and are you happy that I am here?" he asked in such rapid succession that she had only chance to nod assent. They were soon engaged in conversation with reference to their separation and events that had transpired since he had left for the war.

"But there is so much to say and as I have some important letters and documents to write I suggest that we continue our conversation to-morrow afternoon when we will go for a drive," said Holden.

Uneven foot falls announced the approach of Colonel Sanford who once again commenced his fire of questions, keeping it up until the young officer arose to leave.

On the next afternoon, on the old shell road just as the sun's last rays were lingering, two young and happy hearts, forgetful of wars and financial ruins, were whispering words of a devotion that would live forever.

“Kin I have er word wid you, Mars Tommy?”

“Why certainly, Sam, there is no need for you to ask me any such question. Come out in the back yard and let's sit under the china-berry tree.”

Being seated, Free Sam resumed the conversation: “We been friends for nigh onto thurty yeahs I reckon, Mars Tommy, an' I nevah forgit dat day.”

“What day?” inquired Colonel Sanford.

“You knows ve'y well de day, Mars Tommy, dat you stood up like er man dat you is an' paid yo' own money fer mah freedom an' give me de chance to pay you back.”

“Well, you've done that long ago, Sam. I've received every dollar from you that I paid to Major Eppinger.”

“So dat might be, an' yet an' still I ain't through payin' you yet. Givin' people money ain't payin' a debt all de time.”

“Well, I am certain, Sam, you don't owe me any money, and it doesn't occur to me just now that you owe me anything else.”

“Miss Reba gwine to marry to-night, dey tells me,” abruptly broke off Sam.

“Yes,” replied the Colonel, “and it's too bad, Sam, that I'm not able to do for her what I always wanted to do when she married. There's no use for me to tell you I'm broke, Sam.”

“Dat's bad, but den it's good dat you livin' to see it.”

“Well, I'm thankful, Sam, as you say, to be here.”

“Augusty's neah 'bout er hund'ed an' fifty miles f'm heah,” and again Sam abruptly changed the conversation.

“Yes,” responded the Colonel, looking a little puzzled, “but what interest have you in Augusta?”

“None 'tall. I was jes' thinkin'. Seems like mah mind goes an' comes dese days.”

“There's enough happening to make both of our minds go and come. And by the way, Sam, since I'm a poor man, unable to give my only daughter a marriage portion, and since, also, everybody is free now, you might as well quit calling me Master and just say Colonel Tom. It would suit me better.”

“I been at it too long to quit now, but what time Miss Reby goin' to marry?”

“Eight o'clock is the hour they agreed on.”

“I'll be dar, and aftah de weddin' I wants to have er word wid you all by yo'se'f. Please to have yo' horse hitched up, we may want to take er ride, and so long to you untel dat time.”

In the meanwhile all of Sis Tempy's visions had come true and now there were no slaves. The former “free Negroes” looked upon the newly emancipated men and women with a sort of contempt. Free Sam in his rambles had

rebuked more than one that he met with: "Well, it ain't ev'y body dat can stan' freedom aftah dey gets it," to be met with: "We wouldn't be fool enough to buy dem white fo'ks ole bones." But Sam was unruffled. He had a purpose in view and he was not to be led into any discussion that might hinder him in its accomplishment. He was looking up every Negro that had been free before the emancipation proclamation. His motive was known only to himself, but it was noticed that after a short talk with each one on existing conditions he wound up with: "Well, I wish you well even ef I nevah sees you agin."

The pretty home of Colonel Sanford was brightly lighted and the guests were already beginning to arrive to witness the marriage ceremony. The leaders of society in aristocratic Charleston were filling the flower-scented parlors and on all sides were signs of happiness.

In one of the back rooms were gathered all the servants and Negroes. There was Mandy, the cook; Polly, the house girl; Cephas, the wise huckster, while over in a corner rose the commanding form of Free Sam.

The ceremony was over, and Captain Richard Holden and his bride were receiving the congratulations of their friends. This over on the part of the part of the whites, the Negroes were allowed to enter and "courtesy" to the couple. Free Sam managed to be the last. Bowing low he said in an almost inaudible tone of voice: "Cap'n Holden an' Little Miss, I wish you well an' I says good bye to you," whereupon he departed to meet Colonel

Sanford, who was waiting for him.

"Is de horse an' buggy ready?" he inquired of the Colonel.

Being assured that all was prepared for the ride he led the way out, followed by Colonel Sanford.

"Let me help you in, Mars Tommy, I believe I'm er little stouter dan you."

Being seated in the vehicle they were soon out on the street that led to Sam's home.

"I'm gwine to leave Cha'lston soon," said Sam.

"What for and where are you going?" asked the Colonel.

"Augusty, Georgy, sah; it's so said dat mah ole oman's buried dar, an' I wants to see ef I can find her grave."

"Are you comin' back?" inquired the Colonel.

"I reckon not. You see, Mars Tommy, things is changed to what dey used to be. De white folks might be alright, but somehow ernothe I jes' don't want to be 'roun' heah 'sociatin' wid dis new free crowd. Seems like deh ain't none of mah comp'ny."

Just then he stopped the horse in front of his home. Alighting, he helped the Colonel out and they both entered the house. Beckoning his companion to a chair Sam entered another room. He was gone for a few minutes, when he returned bearing a small box in his hand.

"You been ve'y good to me, ole fellah," he said with a familiarity that was marked by its openness, "an' I wants to show you how I feels to you. F'om de sale of dem two boys an' wid what I have saved up I think you'll find \$9,000 dollahs in dis box. In dis

bundle you'll find de deeds an' titles to dis place an' mah Smith place, which is mighty good lan'. Me an' you both can't live much longah, so I jes' had it all made out to her, money an' all. In de mawnin' de fus' thing you do give 'em to her. Now dey ain't no use in you actin' dat way. Not a word do I want to heah. Come on, let's go," and catching the Colonel by the arm he was helping him in the buggy without waiting for any sort of reply.

"Not a word, not a word, only do as I told you," and the talk was directed by Sam to other subjects which occupied their attention until the Sanford home was reached. At the door Sam grasped the Colonel's hand, they looked each other full in the face without exchanging a word for nearly a minute, then these two old men of different races, but between whom there was a lasting bond of love and sympathy, parted with a simple "Good bye."

Early the next morning Jonas, who lived with Sam, was in the Sanford kitchen asking Mandy if Sam had stayed all night there. He was told that he had not, and then Jonas started out on a search. The only information he received at all was from a night watchman, who told him that he had seen Sam with a valise in his hand walking out on the railroad that led to Augusta about twelve o'clock the night before. This was really the solution of the matter, and the old man was at that time twelve miles from the city on his long journey.

By easy stages he was making his way across the county, stopping sometimes for days with acquaintances made

on the way. He found little to say to them when freedom was the subject of discussion, for in his heart he regretted it. To the newly emancipated it meant a new existence with the privilege of working whenever the desire came; no cruel overseer with ever ready whip, but for Sam it meant an equality with those who lately regarded him as their superior. He had imbibed too deeply of the aristocratic spirit that he saw in the white man and he could never be rid of it. A thousand times he remembered that he once owned slaves himself and had heard "Marster" fall from their lips as as they addressed him. And to think that now he was no more than they. A strange look was day by day coming into his eyes, at times he talked incoherently, at intervals in his walks he would turn and look nervously around as if he was being pursued. The greater part of his journey was about ended; he had reached the Savannah river which separates the two states. Past Sand Bar Ferry, the famous dwelling ground of the South where so many affairs of honor had been settled, he sped. In a few hours the spires of the city were to be seen. Straight up the river bank he plodded stared at by fishermen who turned their gaze on the dusty, black traveller who seemed oblivious of all around him and who muttered words they could not understand. Meeting an old Negro man he stopped to inquire about his dead wife and to ask if her grave could be found. He could learn nothing. Presently, however, the old man remembered that such a woman had lived there years ago but had been sold and sent to Mis-

issippi. Without waiting for further information Sam continued his walk, now aimlessly and haltingly.

Suddenly a wild shriek broke out on the air, startling the lazy fishermen and bringing people to their front doors: "It was wrong, it was wrong; freedom ain't right," Sam was yelling wildly while waving his hands high over his head.

Then he became furious and no one ventured near him. "It ain't right,

freedom ain't right," he continued and then, in the presence of the wondering spectators, and before any could prevent it, he walked to the steep bank of the river and leaped into the stream, still screaming and waving his hands.

The fishermen recovered his body. To-day in a corner of a little cemetery on the western suburbs of the city of Augusta is the grave of the Negro who did not care to live when slavery was abolished.

James E. Garner

JAMES E. GARNER is one of the most prominent Afro-American citizens of New York. He is one of the most successful of all the large number of business men to be found engaged in various undertakings in all sections of the greater city. He began his business, now one of the largest of its kind in New York, in a very humble way, without capital, and with little experience. Twenty-five years ago he opened shop with a broom and a rag; to-day his business is well equipped and organized, extending over several avenues of trade, employing a large number of persons, and, better than all, still growing.

Mr. Garner was born in Charles county, Maryland. At an early age, his parents moved to Washington city. Young Garner attended the public schools in that city for a short time. Coming to New York city in 1876,

thirty years ago, he found work as a porter in a drug-store, where he remained until an opportunity opened for him in a restaurant. Restaurants in those days employed, for the most part, colored men as waiters and as head waiters. Things have changed since then. Very few of the high-class restaurants or low-class for that matter, now employ colored men in any capacity. Such a condition is one of the regrettable aspects of the economic life of the Afro-American people of New York and the North. But in large measure such woful circumstance as now confronts the youth of the Afro-American people in search of work, is due to the teachings and influence of the Afro-American clergy, which, in the main, taught that it was a disgrace to attend a table in a public restaurant, or to shave and cut another's hair, for even a stipulated price. We may look about us and see

to what low place in public occupations such teachings and influence have brought the Afro-American people.

Mr. Garner soon tired of working for others, and, having saved of his earnings, a feat few of the youth perform to-day, in 1880 he opened a house-cleaning and renovating shop. The growth of that business has been extremely gratifying to Mr. Garner and of satisfaction and pride to the community. The business was opened in quarters neither large nor possessing. The present home of the establishment in West twenty-eighth street is appointed in the style of the prosperous office, well fitted, having an office force larger than the working force of the establishment in 1880. That is progress, tempered progress, progress that has a stake set deep. To establish Mr. Garner's standing as a business man, it is simply necessary to state that in both Bradstreet and Dun's, the Writ of the Life Commercial, he is rated A1. That fact is the measure of his success. He does not suffer by such measurement.

The Manhattan House Cleaning Bureau, embraces house-cleaning, renovating, painting, decorating and kalsomin-ing. Hotel, church or office buildings are contracted for; indeed, as yet, this bureau has refused no offer nor failed to make bids for buildings of any kind,

anywhere. Its bids are always considered. The character of the work done by Mr. Garner's establishment may be reckoned from the character of the institutions which have contracted with him for work from time to time. He has renovated Grant's Tomb, the Waldorf-Astoria, St. Regis, the Presbyterian hospital, the Imperial, the Martha Washington, the New York Clearing House, Tiffany's, Gorham's, Wanamaker's, the New York World, the New York Times, Broad Exchange, Union League Club, the Garfield National Bank, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and many more of such character-able institutions or establishments. His contracts have not been limited to public buildings; of the leading private dwellings in the city, he has renovated quite a few. Among such are the dwellings of Helen Gould, E. H. Harriman, C. T. Yerkes,

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the late William C. Whitney, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, and H. M. McTwombly.

Mr. Garner employs regularly twenty-five persons, and in the very busy season there are as many as seventy-five upon his pay-roll. Neither number includes the office force of six persons which is regularly employed. There have been as many as an hundred persons employed in the autumn and in the late spring. Mr. Garner has built a



JAMES E. GARNER.

successful, and highly creditable business, one of the best and most prosperous of those owned and conducted by Afro-Americans in New York. He built it by work, intelligent work, in an acute and sometimes overwhelming competition.

Of Mr. Garner himself, much could be said. He is a man of sterling character, standing high in the community, respected by his neighbors, wearing well and becoming the honors bestowed

upon him. He has been, and is, identified with every public movement in New York during the last twenty years, serving as a high officer in most of the civic organizations. He is a prominent member of the National Negro Business League and a director in the Afro-American Realty Company. Mr. Garner has stood in one place, without one move, and succeeded, and succeeded admirably. He is worth a great deal to the life of the Afro-American people.

Afro-Americans Attend Cotton Convention

VERY recently the Southern Cotton Growers' Association met at New Orleans. This is an organization the duty of which is to corner the land that produces the cotton and to hold up the buyers and the mills for exorbitant and unreasonable prices for the staple. Some of the members have gone so far as to demand, or intimate that they will demand, twenty-five cents for cotton. It is all right to demand fifteen cents for long staple high, but any price beyond that will produce an inflation the reaction of which would disturb the production of cotton beyond even the desires of the most radical growers.

A stir marked the opening day of the New Orleans conference. A delegation of colored planters from Hinds county, Mississippi, applied for admission. Although Secretary Woods of the Mississippi Association explained that the Afro-Americans were regular delegates and entitled to seats, quite a few of the

members either directly objected to their being seated or implied a regret that colored men should present themselves at the meeting. They were finally seated. But is it not strange that colored men should create a stir at any kind of a cotton meeting, when they are the great backbone of the production, and there are so many thousands of them engaged in planting?

During the sessions a debate occurred between Charles Scott of Bolivar county, Mississippi, the largest cotton raiser in the world, and Mr. Clarkson, Tennessee. It was a debate over Italian and Negro labor. Mr. Scott, who employs almost a county of colored people, and who is regarded by them as somewhat of a warden, created great surprise by exclaiming that the Negro laborer in the South had finally become a woful failure. He wanted Italians to come over here to relieve the situation, and urged a movement to increase means of

transportation to that end. Mr. Clarkson maintained that the wonderful development of the South since the war was due to Negro labor. For this service rendered by the Negro he did not think the South had repaid in kind; in fact, he said that the South had not thought of treating the Negro with the consideration it now proposes to extend to the Italian. He was opposed to the introduction of Italian labor into the South, because his presence would be a source of danger to that section's prosperity. Mr. Clarkson believed that the opportunity is before the Southern people to make of the Negro the best laborer "on the globe." The despatches advised that there were several members of the Asso-

ciation who took issue with the radical views of Mr. Scott.

Mr. Scott is a very conservative man, not given to excitement of any kind, considerate, kind, brotherly, and is the most prominent citizen of Mississippi. He knows colored people, and has extended to them many opportunities for advancement. He certainly believes some of the very radical things he said. Mr. Scott, however, has been made rich by sweat of the Negro's brow, and it would seem base ingratitude for him to turn on them now. Be that as it may, it is very unfortunate for the Delta Negro that Charles Scott should renounce his faith in them and turn on them in vicious public speech.

✧ ✧ THE ELSMERES ✧ ✧

By T. THOMAS FORTUNE

BEFORE the Ark on Ararat a lodgment found
 The Elsmere dwelt in clouds of doubt and fear;
 And, still, when Time has reached its closing year,
 That doubt and fear the future's sky will bound.
 No faith can make the hidden mysteries clear
 That shroud the glories of the Eden where
 Our hopes, through all the ages, circle 'round,
 Like ships at anchor in a haven fair.
 We fondly deem we know from whence we came,
 And to what destiny at last shall go,
 When vanish all of pomp and power and fame;
 But, reason as we will, we do not know!
 And so, like Elsmere, many pine and die,
 Victims of life's remorseless whence and why.



ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE—PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN
NEGRO ACADEMY.

The Afro-American's Paradise

WHAT may be truthfully termed the Afro-American's paradise is the territory of Oklahoma, which was struck by a boom now over a decade ago, and which has been under the influence of such since that time. Early in the boom a large number of Afro-American people, from the states of Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, for the most part, made their way, on foot some of them, and by wagon, to the new country. An immense number took up government land, and began to clear it. Some went into lumbering, and others began the raising of cattle. The elect of the wanderers entered some kind of a mercantile pursuit, and soon after came the influx of the professional Afro-American. In no section of the country have colored men had a wider opportunity for development; in no section have they used their opportunity to better account.

A large proportion of the land of the territory is in the ownership of the colored men who settled it, and their children; the leading lawyers of a half dozen towns of the territory are of African extraction; in more than one community the leading merchant is a colored man; the contracting business is almost dominated by them, and cattle raising is a chief and profitable occupation among them. Quite thirty-five per cent. or more of the farm products of the territory is marketed by the Afro-American farmers, and still they are increasing their holdings and products everywhere.

In several sections of the country, as well as the Indian Territory, may be found the exclusive Negro town owned by the Negroes who inhabit them, and who control the surrounding lands.

There is little, or no, color prejudice in the territory. The bloods are so mixed that it is often impossible to tell which from t'other. Successful bankers often surprise the natives by disclosing the presence of Negro, or colored, blood in their veins; men who dominate railroad contracting are often accused of being colored. Many colored men find it convenient to "pass" for an Indian until they are able to stand alone.

Here the newspaper, edited by colored men, flourishes as the green bay tree; often it influences the lives and activities of the public men in its community. However, there are many black men among the most prosperous and successful of the citizens of the territory. There are black lawyers and black editors, black contractors and black merchants.

The growth and prosperity of the Oklahoma Afro-American is a brilliant chapter of the romantic history of the development of the Southwest; and when the Indian and Oklahoma territories are admitted as a state in the holy union, the Afro-American will play an important part in its affairs. But how long will they hold their place? That is the question. The Afro-American cuts a figure in public affairs but a short time; this because he never respects organization.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln

BY T. THOMAS FORTUNE

NINETY-SEVEN YEARS ago a man was born who was to know sorrow and be acquainted with grief. Few men in modern or ancient times were born in lowlier surroundings or in more unpromising conditions than Abraham Lincoln, and no man reached higher station or exercised a larger or more wholesome or more masterful influence upon a great people. Indeed, he was a master influence of his times and helped to shape that history which had been culminating since the foundation of the Government.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Ky., on February 12, 1809. His ancestors were among the early settlers of Rockingham county, Virginia, whither they had gone from Bucks county, Pa. His grandparents moved to Kentucky in 1781. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was born in Virginia. Some historians have labored to trace Mr. Lincoln's ancestry to a noble pedigree in England. However this may be, the name of Lincoln often occurs, and honorably, in the annals of the greatest and most forceful nation since Greece gave letters and Rome gave law to the world. In 1806 Thomas Lincoln married Nancy Hanks. In 1816 he removed to what is now known as Spencer County, Ind., and settled in the present village of Gentryville. Mrs. Lincoln died in that place in October, 1818, and a year afterward Mr. Lincoln married Widow Johnson, an old Kentucky neigh-

bor, with whom Abraham maintained the most amicable and kindly relations. At this time Abraham bestirred himself about the farm, being unusually large for his age. Here he received about one year of schooling, and that was all that he ever received. The magnificent educational advantages now within reach of nearly every boy in the Republic were absolutely beyond the reach of anyone a century ago. It was only the extreme rich who could afford to give their children the inestimable benefits of a liberal education. The poorest black boy in the South, indeed, enjoys better opportunities to secure such education than he who gave a race by the stroke of his pen their freedom and opportunity. If he possessed but few books it is true that he thoroughly mastered their contents. A limited library judiciously selected and diligently pursued will give a larger return and more substantial benefit than the possession of a library so extensive as that destroyed in Alexandria or that which exists in the Bodleian, which is only regarded and treated as a possession. As his library was limited, he kept a book into which he religiously copied what he read. Nothing than this system will more thoroughly fix in the mind of the reader the contents of a book.

It almost bewilders us to think of Abraham Lincoln managing a ferry across the Ohio River, in 1825, at \$6 a month. Indeed, his small beginnings

and his pathway to eminence are only equalled by those of Henry Clay, who, like Lincoln, was born of the people, lived for the people and gave his best manhood for the people. At this time Mr. Lincoln was the most famous story teller in his section of the country, as he came afterwards to be of the whole country. But his stories always had a point. They were *Æsopian* in that directness and in that philosophy which are the quintessence of common sense. He was also noted for his physical strength. He was at this time a man six feet four inches in height.

In 1828 a new world, literally and metaphorically, was opened to Abraham Lincoln; it was to tincture, if not to color and shape all his future life and to arrest in its mad course the drift of National history. He went to New Orleans. He went as a bow hand on a flat boat. It is a singular fact that very insignificant incidents in the lives of the men who have acted the most conspicuous parts in the annals of the world have given direction to their thought and activity.

It was a fortunate thing for Abraham Lincoln that, in 1830, the family went to Illinois and settled near Decatur. Indeed, the spirit of Lincoln's father became one of absolute unrest and discontent. He seemed always to be plunging forward in pursuit of freedom, of wealth, he knew not which. Here they built a log house on the North Fork of the Sangamon river. Fifteen acres were cleared. To fence these Abraham split the rails. It was largely because of this that in a memorable period of his life a great party made as its slogan "the rail

splitter." It is a singular fact that about the time he got through splitting those rails he made his first speech.

In 1831, when he had become of age, he made another trip to New Orleans. The flat-boat was loaded with merchandise; he received sixty cents a day for his labor and a third portion of \$60. The flat-boat struck in the mud in one of the bayous of the Mississippi, and in getting it off Mr. Lincoln conceived an invention for which he got a patent, and which is now on exhibition in the Patent office at Washington. What he saw of slavery at New Orleans at this time, as upon his previous visit, intensified his antipathy to slavery and the manifest injustice of permitting the slave labor of the South to come into competition with the free labor of the North.

When the Black Hawk war broke out Mr. Lincoln enlisted. His popularity even at this time among his fellows is shown by the fact that he was unanimously elected captain of the company. When his term of enlistment expired he promptly renewed it, as he went into the Black Hawk war, as he went into everything else, to fight it out to the end. And then this Black Hawk war incident, like all the other incidents in his life, was but a part of that preliminary education which he would require at a future period when the destinies of the Republic were to be at stake. Indeed, a close study of the life of this man shows that his whole education was shaped for the purpose of preparing him for the mastery of the four last and supreme years of his life.

In 1832 he was candidate for the

legislature, but was defeated. At this time he was a Whig in politics and remained such till the organization of the Republican party. He tried storekeeping, but his partner was dishonest and the firm became bankrupt, and Mr. Lincoln paid the debts of the concern.

In 1834 he was elected to the Illinois Legislature and served till 1840 as a Whig. It was at this time, in 1837, that he first took a positive position against slavery, he and Mr. Stone entering a protest against some pro-slavery resolutions introduced by a Democratic member. In 1836 he was admitted to the bar and opened a law office with John Stewart at Springfield. He became noted for his jury trials. Few men have occupied a more conspicuous position at the bar in his sphere than Lincoln. Wirt and Choate and Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, each in his way, as a lawyer as well as statesman, was pre-eminent, but none of them exercised more influence upon judge and jury than Abraham Lincoln. We might remark the vast changes which have taken place in the practice of the law by the conditions which prevailed when Mr. Lincoln was a practitioner and those which prevail to-day. Steam and electricity have revolutionized every function of life. In those days lawyers went on what we call the circuit. They traveled from court to court on horseback. The conditions were rugged, rude and even vulgar in their nature. A lawyer won as much by his wit and his address and his audacity as by his erudition in the law and in philosophy. In homely wit, in that philosophy which touches humanity at every cor-

ner, and that humanity which knows no race, no condition, no sex, no section, Mr. Lincoln excelled. Through all the great West his reputation had been established as a household word. The law to him was a congenial occupation. He would have devoted his life to it. It furnished him an avenue for large fame and the acquisition of ample fortune, which, while not inspirations, were large incentives for the exercise of that supreme nobility of character which was his in pre-eminent degree. He was not primarily a money seeker. His heart was as broad as humanity. His ear was always open to the plea of the widow and the orphan. Some of his best efforts were in behalf of those who were only able to give him in return for service an humble but unstinted gratitude.

In 1840 Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for Presidential elector, being pitted against Stephen A. Douglas. In 1842 he was married to Mary Todd of Lexington, Kentucky.

In 1846 Mr. Lincoln was elected to Congress. He was the only Whig representative from Illinois in the 30th Congress. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Boston, who was a co-member, says of Mr. Lincoln at this time: "We were all Whigs together, and agreed entirely upon all questions of public policy. For shrewdness, sagacity and keen practical sense he has had no superior in our day and generation."

Following the preconceptions gathered in his two trips to New Orleans and the impulse which moved him in 1837 as a member of the Illinois Legislature, in Congress Mr. Lincoln voted to con-

sider anti-slavery petitions, and on January 16th, 1849, he introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. His measure carried with it compensation to slave owners. This was one of his hobbies. In the last agonies of the great Rebellion, when the assassin's dagger hung suspended over his head by a thread as slender as that which held the sword of Damocles, he still adhered to it. But the inevitable fiat of destiny brushed aside such rubbish, not as a matter of equity but of exigency, of war, of victory. He was eminently just in all his views. He would not rob the slave master to enrich the slave, nor would he rob the slave to enrich the slave master. He recognized that the institutions of slavery had been sanctioned by the Government and slavery binding and sacred. Although he abhorred the institution of slavery, he still had an Anglo-Saxon's reverence for plighted obligation, the inviolability of contract. He declined a renomination. The measure of honor and pecuniary consideration of Congressional service at that time were not considerable.

In the Presidential campaign of 1848 he favored the candidacy of General Taylor and canvassed New England in his interest. In 1849 he was a successful candidate for a seat in the United States Senate. President Fillmore offered him the Governorship of Oregon. After his retirement from Congress he devoted himself entirely to the practice of the law, and would have perhaps continued in that pursuit and died with reputation bounded only

by the vast prairies of Illinois had not the repeal of the Missouri compromise forced him again into active public life. The repeal of no measure in our national history has been surrounded by more bad faith and treachery than the repeal of this compromise. In some respects it put a period to the reputation and political advancement of Henry Clay and Stephen A. Douglas, the two most conspicuous and forceful men of their times. It demonstrated to the American people that the conflict between slave labor and free labor, between free territory and slave territory, was irrepressible. Mr. Lincoln accepted it to be so, and in his opposition to the spirit underlying it and the ensuing acrimonious discussions of it he easily became the leader of the Whig party in Illinois.

The repeal of the Missouri compromise put a period to the long struggle between the North and the South, in which their differences on the question of slavery were sought to be composed. The brilliant genius and the consummate management of Henry Clay may be said to have dominated and controlled the entire question from the time he entered the Congress during his forty years of service. This man, "the mill boy of the slashes," whose beginnings were as low as those of Abraham Lincoln, and the exaltation of whose ambition was quite as great, is supposed to rest his reputation mainly upon his contention for the system of American protection, his contention for a union of the Latin States, and for the independence of Greece; but he will still be known in the estima-

tion of intelligent mankind as a counterpart of Lord Macaulay's trimmer, Lord Halifax. He was the arch trimmer, the master compromiser. It is safe to say that the supreme struggle of the antagonistic forces of the Republic was delayed quite half a century because of the prestige of Henry Clay.

The repeal of this compromise marks a turning point in the history of the Republic and in the history of mankind. Thoughtful men had at last become convinced that cauterization of the cancer in the body politic would not avail; it must be cut out. It had been a disturbing element from the foundation of the Government. Washington had moralized on it; Jefferson, in the seclusion of Monticello, had grieved over it and prophesied; and that brilliant school of statesmen beginning with Clay and Wilmot and ending with Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, had spent the first flower of their genius and the best years of their public service in the vain task of composing it. But oil and water will not mix. Right and wrong will not work in double harness. Slavery and freedom cannot exist upon the same territory and in the same system of administration. There will be friction. There will be explosions. War is their normal condition. With this mastery of law, with his philosophical intuitions, with his instinctive love of and sympathy with the broadest forms of freedom, Mr. Lincoln undoubtedly must have been convinced, as he expressed it years after, that this Republic could not exist half slave, half free.

In 1855 Mr. Lincoln declined to stand for a seat in the United States Senate

in favor of Lyman Trumbull. He little knew at that time what a tower of strength he was building, to which he should often fly for refuge in the momentous conflict which was immediately in his pathway. The Republic has had few men of the character and ability and patriotism in trying times of Lyman Trumbull.

The progress which the rail splitter had made in reputation and in public confidence may be estimated by the fact that in the National Republican convention of 1856 the Illinois delegation supported him for Vice-President, and that he received 110 votes, standing next to William M. Dayton, who was nominated.

The definite purpose, the predestined mission of this man, was disclosed in 1858, when the Republican Convention made him the caucus candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas. It was in accepting this nomination that Mr. Lincoln made the famous declaration, which became a keynote, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." He was not only a prophet as to the conditions which then confronted him, but he was a prophet as to the things which confront us. Upon invitation of Mr. Lincoln, Judge Douglas and he made a joint canvass of the State of Illinois, making in all fourteen speeches between them. The main question was, whether Kansas should be admitted to the Union as a free or slave State. Judge Douglas maintained, as a primo-contention, that it did not make any

difference whether slavery was voted up or voted down. Mr. Lincoln maintained that it did make a difference. He maintained that the life of the Republic depended on it. He perforated the contention of his opponent mercilessly with the keen shafts of sarcasm and ridicule and that wit which has made the bravest men stammer like parrots. These men had the nation as an audience; aye, they had the world!

The Dred Scott decision had just been delivered. Chief Justice Taney had just startled the civilized world by declaring that "it is held to be good law and precedent that the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect." Even the slaves in the pine forests of Georgia and the rice swamps of the Carolinas and the bayous of the Mississippi felt the impulse of this great debate to which the whole world listened.

As a result of the joint debate Judge Douglas was elected Senator, but it was the most costly victory that any man had ever won in politics. It blasted his cherished purpose to become President and put a period to his political usefulness. He became an object of distrust to the Southern wing of the Democratic party and was not entirely trusted by the Northern wing. This was shown in the result of the Charleston and Baltimore conventions of the Democratic party in 1860. The Southern Democrats refused to accede to his nomination at Charleston, and he was nominated by the Baltimore convention. The debate made Mr. Lincoln the logical candidate of his party. He was nominated at Chicago, May, 1860. W.

H. Seward of New York was his chief opponent. The main plank in the platform denied "the authority of the Congress, or a Territorial legislature, or of any individuals to give legal existence to slavery in any territory in the United States." The abolition of slavery was not an issue. The primary purpose of the Republican party was not to abolish slavery, but to restrict it in the territory where it then was. Of course there was an influential sentiment in the country and in the convention in favor of the abolition of slavery, but it was not sufficiently strong to force a declaration in the platform of the Republican party upon which Mr. Lincoln was to appeal to the suffrages of his fellow citizens. It is well to emphasize this fact, as there is no more general misconception in the public mind upon any uncontroverted fact of history. Hannibal Hamlin of Maine was nominated as Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln. The Democrats had two candidates in the field, the Southern wing supporting John C. Breckenridge and the Northern wing Stephen A. Douglas. A crisis had been reached in the conflict over slavery and in the history of the two Illinoisians. For twenty years Mr. Lincoln and Judge Douglas had confronted each other as opponents in the State of Illinois and later as opponents in the nation. They were men constitutionally different in their education and preconceptions. Judge Douglas was preeminently a politician. He was unquestionably possessed of large abilities, but his ambition, like that of Webster and Clay, swerved him from

the straight and narrow path, so that in crucial periods he made mistakes which deprived him not only of that he sought most but of the power he possessed as a Senator in Congress.

Mr. Lincoln was not only a politician but a statesman and a philosopher as well. He knew men, he revered the Constitution and human liberty and a Republican form of Government he believed to be inseparable. With Sumner he believed that it was better to be in the right with a minority of one than in the wrong with a majority of ten thousand. Here was the strength of the man, here is where he rose above common humanity, here is where he towered above the masses and became their leader, because he was greater than they.

The election was held on November 6 and resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln over Breckenridge and Douglas and Bell by a majority of sixty-seven. It is a noteworthy fact that the combined Democratic vote was larger than the Republican vote, and that if the combined Democratic vote with the seventy-two votes of Bell had been thrown against Mr. Lincoln to any one candidate Mr. Lincoln would have been defeated. For instance, in the electoral college Mr. Lincoln received 180 votes, Breckenridge 72, Bell 39 and Douglas 12. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

The election of Mr. Lincoln was regarded by the entire South as a distinct declaration of war upon the institution of slavery. For years Southern statesmen had dominated in the councils of the Nation, controlling

Presidents, shaping legislation, dictating the policies of courts, and filling the highest offices in the country. When so pronounced an opponent of their peculiar institution as Mr. Lincoln was elevated to the Presidency the South lost its patience and therefore took leave of its reason. For months before the election it had been openly proclaimed that if Mr. Lincoln was elected the Southern States would secede from the Union. Thoughtful people regarded this as idle talk. But from the very day that Mr. Lincoln was elected the South began preparations to secede. Under the influence of Southern Cabinet officers the army was scattered among remote frontier posts, and the ships of the navy were dispersed in the waters of the utmost parts of the globe. Ammunitions, arms and supplies belonging to the Government were concentrated in the Southern forts, while the credit of the country was purposely impaired. Everything was done that could be possibly done to cripple the Government and to hamper the incoming administration. Those were dark days. Clouds hung heavy over the land. Mr. Lincoln's journey to Washington was full of sadness, although the people gave him enthusiastic welcome all along the route. But a great fear had entered the hearts of men, and the great man who had been elevated above his fellows partook more largely of the general gloom than any one else, because his responsibility was greater than theirs. A Nation's welfare had been confided to his keeping. The greatest Republican experiment since the eagles

of Rome overawed the world was rocked in the mad tempests of contending passions. As he stood upon the steps of the Nation's Capitol, with head bared and reverent mien, the words that Mr. Lincoln uttered were full of pathos. "In your hands," said he, "my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

The shot fired upon Fort Sumter, which was heard around the world, was the answer to this pacific appeal of him who had never put his hand to the plow and turned back. The forces of freedom and slavery were at last locked in a deadly embrace. Soon the tramp of millions of men, the roll of the war drum, and the diapason of the cannonade, convulsing the earth with confusion and destruction and hopeless sorrow and agony that would never die, were heard in the land. The Nation had sinned and it was receiving a baptism of blood that it might be absolved. Larger armies were marshaled to the conflict than had ever before confronted each other in the various struggles of recorded history.

As the war progressed the sentiment in favor of the total extinction of slavery rose to a mighty clamor. In legislatures, in newspapers and from thousands of rostrums, and by petitions without number, demand was made

upon the Government to free the slaves, but Mr. Lincoln seemed not to be moved. He prosecuted the suppression of the Rebellion under the greatest difficulties. He had enemies to the right of him, enemies to the left of him, enemies before him and enemies behind him. He was compelled to pursue a course which should satisfy all the conflicting forces which it was necessary for him to use. The employment of Afro-Americans in the war and the abolition of slavery were questions upon which the Nation had not fully determined. It was the purpose of his to move in advance of public opinion. The dangers were so imminent and portentous that he could only hope to control public sentiment in favor of the Government by interjecting no further element of discord into the situation. In dealing with these two questions he displayed the highest arts of statesmanship. He moved as public opinion justified him to move. When General Butler proposed to use slaves as contrabands of war he found himself restrained by the President. When General Fremont issued a provisional proclamation of emancipation he found it revoked by the superior authorities at Washington. When Horace Greeley, assuming the dictatorial voice of command common to journalists, demanded that the President take more advanced ground upon these questions, Mr. Lincoln told him bluntly that it was none of his purpose to preserve slavery or to destroy it; that it was his supreme purpose to save the Union; that if he could save the Union by freeing some of the slaves he

would do it; that if he could save the Union by freeing all the slaves he would do it; but that, in any event, saving the Union was the main object he had in view.

The letter in which these sentiments occurred was dated August 22, 1862, and yet on January 1, 1863, the emancipation proclamation was issued. It falls to the lot of few men to have such a magnificent opportunity as Mr. Lincoln had to link his name so gloriously and so indelibly with freedom's holy cause. We have Mr. Lincoln's own account of the emancipation proclamation, as related to the artist, F. B. Carpenter, and his reference in a speech made on January 31, 1865, to the necessity of supplementing that measure by a constitutional amendment. It was on February 6, 1864, that Carpenter heard from the President's lips the following narrative:

This proclamation, promulgated on the 1st of January, 1863, followed fast upon the battle of Antietam, was the greatest achievement of a life which had been conspicuous for moral and intellectual excellence. It rounded out and emphasized the consistency of his statesmanship. As a modest legislator, standing upon the threshold of his career, he stood up in his place in the legislature of Illinois and opposed some pro-slavery resolutions introduced by a Democratic member; fifteen years after, as a member of Congress, he not only voted to receive anti-slavery petitions, but on the 16th of January, 1849, he introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; fourteen

years later as President of the United States and as the crowning act of his political life, he issued the emancipation proclamation which broke the shackles of four million five hundred thousand fellow-creatures.

In his second inaugural address Mr. Lincoln said, in conclusion: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all our neighbors."

In all his utterances, as in all his public conduct, Abraham Lincoln stood close to the pulsing heart of humanity, the great mass of mankind, whose lot it is to labor ceaselessly and to hope in vain for that relief which comes not. His sympathies took in all the Union. The equality of manhood was the chief foundation stone of his Democracy. The chief sentiment of his speech at Gettysburg was the touchstone of his patriotism: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The great conflict was ended. The thunder of the cannonade, the music

of fife and drum and bugle, the groans of the dying and the shouts of the victorious were silent all. The Angel of Peace hovered over all the land, sorrow-stricken and desolate everywhere, and with it great rejoicing and thankfulness to Him who doeth all things well, that the Union of the States had been preserved, and that the slave had been freed and that the nation might start anew upon a career of greater glory and power and happiness. And none felt this more sensibly than the great man who had stood like a Titan in the storms during four years of internecine struggle. What a sigh of relief he must have heaved as the last echoes of the conflict died away on the air "as a song that is sung, as a tale

that is told." But it was in the midst of all this rejoicing of a nation redeemed and of a nation strong in its hope that the bullet of the assassin reached the heart of Mr. Lincoln. The whole nation felt the shock, and when he died the civilized world put on mourning.

He was great in heart, great in head, great in soul. He made the world better for his living and the poorer for his dying. But that which he did for the nation and for humanity will only pass away when men shall cease to reverence moral grandeur, to respect intellectual pre-eminence and to idolize a patriotism broad as Democracy, as comprehensive as Republicanism.

New York, February, 1906.

The National Negro Business League

THE National Negro Business League is now an incorporated body, and the officers of the league are zealously working for greater business effort among the people. A large amount of literature is being distributed throughout the country urging the importance of Local Business League organizations, and their efforts in this direction are meeting with substantial support. Local leagues are organizing all over the country. The people are awakening to the importance of business effort. Banking institutions, grocery stores, shoe stores, and many

other varied enterprises are being started. If you haven't caught the contagion, catch it at once and go to the next meeting of the National League, in August, at Atlanta, and tell the people what you are doing. If you haven't a Local Business League in your community, organize one.

Write to the undersigned and the necessary blanks will be furnished you. Organize, and tell us what the people of your community are doing.

FRED. R. MOORE,
National Organizer, 4 Cedar St., N. Y.

T. Thomas Fortune, the Poet*

BY ROSCOE SIMMONS

THE WORLD has long ago put its estimate, and such has been fitting and proper, upon Timothy Thomas Fortune, the journalist. Mr. Fortune has stepped over the bounds of race, and is regarded in the arena as a brilliant writer. Indeed, Mr. Fortune's newspaper, the *New York Age*, the leading vehicle of Afro-American news and opinion, a term of his own mold, is read almost by as many white Americans as colored, both of whom devour it every seven days as much for its Fortunesque flavor as for its news value. For twenty-five years Mr. Fortune has been a respected and familiar figure in American journalism, where he is regarded as the foremost of all Afro-Americans, and as a worthy descendant of his friend, Charles A. Dana, who gave him the opportunity to show forth what was in him, and who held up his hands unto the end. So in journalism Mr. Fortune's fame is quite secure. He will go down in history as the first and most brilliant of Afro-American writers, and as a worthy contemporary of Godkin and Dana and Mitchell, and far superior to Miller or Reed or Bishop or McKelway, all of whom are capable of things noble and strong, but unfortunately are handicapped and demoralized by influences material.

Mr. Fortune has contributed a deal of poetry to the periodical press for a

number of years. His verses have always conformed to the smallest angle of the poetic principle, and oftentimes moved with the ease and grace and inspiring measure of the master-singer; calling forth praise from the critics, exciting the admiration of his wide circle of followers, moving many of his admirers and admirers of the consummate Art to suggest to him that his muse perhaps were willing and able, but had grown sullen by unwise neglect. They did not know that during all the trying and crowded years which he has devoted to active journalism Mr. Fortune has composed volumes of poetry, much of which fortunately has been committed to the flames, some of which he still tenderly nurses, but a large portion of the best of which he has given to us in "Dreams of Life." It is our purpose, in a few pages, to lay before the dear reader a line or two of the most striking of such poetry as is contained in Mr. Fortune's new volume, not in a spirit of cold and impartial criticism, we admit, but with the eye-single of pointing out wherein Mr. Fortune has struck the divine chord, and wherein he excels as a poet whose benediction from Parmassus was unaccompanied by any embarrassing restraints or by a second baptism of a questionable poetic vision. The principle of poetry is as certain as the fundamental of na-

* "Dreams of Life." T. Thomas Fortune. Fortune & Peterson, 4 Cedar street, New York.

ture, wavering never, nor allowing of any stretching or contraction. We have so much poetry that is not poetry, so much doggeral, the identification of the writer of which precludes a proper criticism or rather a deserved denounce-

Boswell to write other than he did of Johnson, and yet we trust that the propensity which marked Boswell has not completely enveloped us.

It is not possible to divorce a man's character from his works. Indeed, his



T. THOMAS FORTUNE,
Author of "Dreams of Life."

ment, that it is immeasurably refreshing to touch even slightly the hand of the true singer, though in doing so we render ourselves unfit to consider his works impartially, judiciously, or intelligently. We could not have expected

works are but the outward signs of an inward feeling. Whether or not one works in iron, or the earth, or in the great field of thought, or yet in imagination, his character is clearly reflected in whatever he sends forth for

men to behold and analyze. Neither is it possible to wholly divorce a man's character from his work, even in a review such as we now attempt. We are bound to refer to such somewhere in our mental wanderings, and we are apt to set a stake wherever and whenever we encounter a characteristic of more than ordinary interest. T. Thomas Fortune still lives. He is still young, being on this side of fifty; fire in his eyes; brains, clear brains, and much of it. And yet it is now thirty years ago since, in playful mood, and make-believe, he dipped his father's pen into the ink and wrote. He still holds that pen; it was fascinating to him; it was his pen, shaped by the gods. With it he has written on both sides of the paper; he has also written his name as the first of the intellectual giants of his generation, for so far as the Afro-American people are concerned there is seriously to be raised no question as to his intellectual primacy. Born a slave, he has disenthralled the minds of ten thousand men. Not in poetry, however, but in prose, sublime prose, and prose that ran like a river of blood, and still runs. For of all men, Mr. Fortune is the most susceptible to his moods and fancies and images. And because he has not been able to loose himself from the influence of these spirituals we have a fame that enriches the pages of the national life, and the example and inspiration of a genius that were dead to thought-bearers but for his wonderful and admirable inconsistencies, which are as interesting and respectable as his final constancy.

In the introduction to the volume in

review he says:

"In submitting this collection of verse to the public I do not seek to gratify any personal vanity. During twenty years of active journalism in New York I have found it to be true that the success we achieve in life, of whatever character, usually cost so much in effort and anxiety that very little capacity for the enjoyment of the fruits of our labors is left to us." * * *

It would seem that Mr. Fortune were needlessly courting sorrow and regret; needlessly because so young, and because he has received so much love and applause and admiration from his fellows. Few men have received more, and, on the other hand, few men have withstood more arrow-shots. Balancing the account, it would seem, nevertheless, that Mr. Fortune has received as many smiles as hisses, as much love as hate, and more.

The title to this volume seems to have been adopted from the first poem therein, which is a rather long poem, dealing with the inconsistencies of life and the dual capacity of Nature, who exalts the tyrant and debases the patriot, according to the mood in which Sol may find her upon his daily travel. A verse of the opening number establishes the genius of the poem, quite lengthy, as we said, and which seems to have been suggested by the view the poet took of each completed stanza:

How vain is man! How passing vain!
The son of Macedon see stride
His day upon the battle plain
And sate with blood his vaulting pride!

After the "Son of Macedon," which would appear as too vague for the average reader, there follows an energetic review of the strivings and victories of the two great generals:

Then Caesar took the world's command,
And savage millions cut he down!
E'en mighty Pompey, great and grand,
Fell like the fresh green grass new mown!

And Rome, Imperial Rome! the Fates
Resigned to his corrupt embrace!
And all of Rome's dependent states
Implored the boon of Cæsar's grace.

That is good poetry, except for the last line in the first verse, which suffers the sluggish dragging of a word. It is fair history; the mental revolt of a sterling democrat against dictatorship, in the past or in the present.

There are four striking verses on the rise and fall of Bonaparte. The second of such verses is the most zealous in conception and the most awkward in execution. Such fault, grave as it may be, is redeemed in the perfect meter of the last verse, which contains, however, a questionable rhyme:

The Corsican, fierce Bonaparte,
Worse than the savage Hun, arose;
A war god born, with head and heart
That conquered heat and laughed at snows.

The trembling world at Waterloo,
In dread suspense and fear did wait
Bowed in sackcloths and ashes low,
Upon the verdicts of grim Fate!

What if the Corsican had won
The doubtful hazard of the day?
What if no Iron Wellington
To victory had led the way?

The course of Empire still had been
In paths that titled rogues had hewn!
Some names in history's pages green
On other fields their fame had won!

There are quite twenty more verses in this poem deserving reproduction and perhaps a note of praise, but our finger is upon a sad and melancholy number, and the time is ripe and urgent for a contrast. In the quoted verses we have the poet in open rebellion against war and warriors. In the following lines, prompted by the death of his first son, to whom he was passionately attached, we see him in the mood of perfect reflection, bowed by grief, imploring

Mother Nature for that solace all mortals crave in the presence of impartial death. Accused often of atheism, if not of infidelity, because of his perfect religious freedom, it is interesting to note that Mr. Fortune selected as the text of the following verses the Master's familiar "Suffer little children." The first verse, we could debate, could not have sprung from the same mind as the succeeding five; or springing from the same mind, it must have been written years before or years after the body of the poem. The first verse is weak, but strong in its weakness:

Our little boy has fled,
We know he is not dead;
"Of such the Kingdom is," Christ said.

The wildwood rose will grow
And honeysuckles blow
Where we have laid our Stewart low.
The birds will sing their song
All through the Summer long
Above his grave, the trees among!

Sadly we bear the cross
The world can give but dross
As gain for our too grievous loss.
We will not question now
Why death is on his brow;
Broken in hope, we bow, we bow.

As greatly as Mr. Fortune must have been affected by the death of his first son, his grief must be somewhat assuaged by the intervening and healing years, and by the constancy and devotion of his beautiful children, Jessie and Frederick White, to whom "Dreams of Life" is fondly dedicated.

The happier moments which Mr. Fortune has snatched from an eventful and fruitful life, the independency which fortunately has characterized his career, is nowhere more faithfully portrayed than in "I Make My Bed of Roses." These lines are not only a faithful and measured reflection of his

nature, but one of the best poems in the collection. It is not in the least belabored; it has the measure of the poem, the heart, the tune.

I make my bed of roses sweet!
I scorn the frowns of envious Fate!
I will my careless song repeat
While round may surge contending hate!
For life is what we make it still,
And I am master of my will,
Then let me quaff life's nectar wine
And live a lord the passing hour;
The world, and all therein, is mine,
Of fame or wealth or transient power;
For he, indeed, is all supreme
Whose dream of life is all a dream.

That is the spirit of Byron, perfect, convincing.

The mentioning of Byron reminds us of a poem in this collection which bears a striking likeness, in spirit, to the "Isles of Greece," the greatest of all Byron's poems, and one of which will perish only with the language in which it is written. Byron loved Greece with an unquenchable passion, a passion which often blinded him to the errors of Greece's rulers and destroyers, and likewise to the recurring inconsistency of her natural and entrancing beauty. Mr. Fortune has always loved Hayti with a blind and unexplained devotion. He has loved her perhaps because Toussaint made it holy ground, and because it was redeemed from French slavery by the blood of black men led by black generals, the like of whom the world has not seen since Hannibal defended Carthage. Sang Byron:

"The mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the sea.
And musing there an hour alone
I dreamed that Greece still might be free.
For standing on a Persian's grave
I could not deem myself a slave."

Byron's song is a dream song. For-

tune's "Slavery of the Slave" is an exultant lay, a battle tune, a warning note:

On the hills of Hayti ring
Mandates of the Frenchman's King,
And the waves the tidings bring
"Slavery to the slave."
Toussaint, arm thee for the fight!
Strike a blow for human right!
Crush, O crush! the tyrant's might
And thy country save!
Stay thy arm when every foe
From thy Land in haste shall go,
Sick at heart beneath the blow
On the battlefield!
Long may Hayti's banners wave!
O'er her valiant few, so brave!
Heroes worthy patriot's grave
Who would never yield.

The execution of the foregoing poem is neither worthy of the theme, nor in Mr. Fortune's best vein, but it is, nevertheless, of the same spirit that moved Byron when he sang of the glories, dead and living, of Greece in utter poetic abandonment and sublimity.

Mr. Fortune includes, unwisely we think, in the present volume several stories in verse, one lamentation and a romance. Until a more convenient season we shall be compelled to pass these longer poems with merely a mention. With one such poem, we must, however, linger for a moment. "Emanuel," a poem dedicated to the memory of Emanuel Fortune, a brother, contains passages that, in conception and power and pathos, and even in execution, touch fairly the hem of Tasso's lament. It also contains passages that equal in muddiness some of the disgusting rhyming of Southey, the master of the worst poetry that men, either from snobbishness or fear, ever admired. "Emanuel" may be said to contain all the thoughts of Mr. Fortune upon the

life here and the life to come. The death of his brother, occurring after the death of his child, was sufficient to set him seriously to thinking on the unknown and the unseen. We gladly follow him with unabated interest through the entire stretch of the poem, but we find ourselves, when done, where we were before the start. There is, now and then, a convincing touch of spiritualism, a word, a sigh, a resignation! Mr. Fortune, it may clearly be seen, has not solved, for himself, the riddle of life, nor has he touched the golden gate at the entrance, nor is he prepared to openly deny the existence of such. He has faith; what he begs for is what he, nor any of us, shall ever get; he begs for light. Even though he weeps with the penitence and sincerity of Rachael, he cannot know. He closes "Emanuel" with the hopelessness and trembling, and yet touch of faith, that must have marked some of the most miserable hours of outraged Job.

The following stanza of "Emanuel," we imagine Macauley could have written, and would like to have written, of Edmund Burke:

He was a Tribune of the people, true,
Unselfish in the people's righteous cause,
A giant for the Right, from which he drew
The strength to crush the force of unjust laws,
Sharp to destroy as are the lion's claws,
And he was young! The race of life begun,
Swift as the winds that sweep along the streams
Clenched in their grasp! Each hard-fought stage he
won
Rejoicing in the fray, its tragedy and fun.

The last word in that stanza is nothing short of abominable, and destroys what is otherwise a strong and well-measured tribute.

There are striking similes through-

out the poem. Of his brother's positiveness he sings:

His sternness some repulsed; for men are light
Of heart, and as the gorgeous butterfly
Prefer the sunshine to the stars of night,
The man of mirth to him whose earnest eye
Upon the things of earth look solemnly.

The following stanzas are the best in the poem. They are poetry, in spirit and action, in meter. The first line of each stanza fairly fastens one's thoughts upon the spirit of the verses:

And do the dead we love go far away
And nevermore return? Can it be true
They never come again? No, truth to say,
They come again to us, and oft renew—
Unseen, unheard—the vanished moments few!
And thus it is with me! My solitude
Is oft disturbed, and he in life I knew
Sits with me through the hours I watch and brood,
Groping in silence after life's eternal good!

The following stanza, the redeemer of the lament, reminds us much of Byron's.

Life hovers like a star, etc.,

We dream—we sleep—and still we are alive—
Midway 'twixt life and death—living but dead—
And break the spell cannot, howe'er we strive,
For earthly strength seems spent; and we are led,
In fancy led, though not a word is said,
Into the great Unknown, we know not where,
We do not wish to know, we have no dread;
A blissful state of earth and air we share—
Awake, yet sleeping! Dead, yet living! Here, yet
there!

The third line recalls vividly the beautiful death poem by Richard Hovey, in which is a line almost identical. Fortune sings:

And break the spell, cannot, howe'er we strive,

Hovey puts it:

We cannot start nor strive to break the Will.

We know there can be even no thought of plagiarism, for it is doubtful if even Mr. Fortune ever heard of Hovey. Upon the character and work of all the poets, ancient and modern,

big and little, worthy and unworthy, I have heard him, among the last ten years, talk with intelligence and great power of analysis. I have not heard him call Hovey's name. And but for the kindness and interest of a beautiful and ambitious maiden in my early youth, I myself would not have known that Hovey ever courted the muses. And yet, since now I know him, it would seem impossible to walk without him, for he is a singer whose songs when once upon the heart neither fail nor fade. The singer is dead; his songs live on.

Mr. Fortune, a man of the most lovable and uneven temper, is expected always to sing in some key of love, the king of heaven and of earth. His love song, "Love's Divinest Power," is as clear as a cathedral bell; without poetic embellishment, and yet it is one of the liveliest poems in the collection. It is the lover's own song:

Let ambition strive to gain
The cherished wish that yields but pain;
Let others seek for wealth alone,
And with its cares their lives atone;
But let me live my fleeting hour
The slave of Love's divinest power.

He sings again of love in a poem of two stanzas, likening the losing of one's self in the mystic throes of love to the lost mountain stream in the waters of the sea. The first stanza is spoiled by a disagreeable line, and is best unquoted. The second stanza runs swiftly in meter, and strongly in truth. Two lines sufficeth:

So, lives that once have mingled in Love's tide,
Not e'en the God of Fate can evermore divide.

It would be unwise to attempt to even slightly review the longer poems.

They must, however, be mentioned. "Sadie Fontaine," a tale of the south, is insistent from the first paragraph to the final period; and Mr. Fortune has sustained his style and music and, at the same time, the genius of the story, with surprising and gratifying coherency. We march with him through paths that are crooked and by rivers that flow deep, without fatigue, without a sigh. He sings of the place where his boyhood days were spent, with gleeful ease:

Poets may sing in raptured verse
The glory of Italian skies,
Or praise, in language sweet and terse,
The Spanish ladies' dazzling eyes;
But be it mine to languish in
The smiles of maids as rich and fair
As any that the world has seen,
And sing of balmy skies and air
And fields as peaceful and as green.
Marian, thóu village of my Joy!
I love thee as a babe its toy.

The review is already longer than planned. The reader has followed, with interest and profit I know. At some future time, when space is less crowded and the hours are longer, I shall hope to consider the remainder of Mr. Fortune's epics, for they deserve a separate and a more careful analysis. The selections in the review may not be the best in the volume before me; very likely they are not. But they are good samples of the general measure of Mr. Fortune's songs, and they were chosen as such. The reader undoubtedly will hunt up a volume and choose for himself what he adjudges poetry, and condemn what he thinks is not. It is largely a matter of choice, or rather choice is largely a matter of taste, of ear, of the state of mind. "Dreams of Life" should be widely and carefully

read, for it contains a romantic note, harmonized touchingly with the quaint music of the underlying note of all existence. The best poem, from every viewpoint and every angle, in the collection before me, is the lines dedicated to Lincoln, and pronounced by Whitting as a real surpassing verse. With it, for the present, the review closes:

The waves dashed high; the thunders echoed far;
The lightnings flashed into the dismal gloom,
The bolts by Vulcan forged in Nature's womb,
And earth was shaken by the furious war!
The Ship of State was strained in every spar!
And strong men felt that now had come their doom.
And weak men scanned the heavens for a star
To save them from a fratricidal tomb.
But one, amid the strife, collected, calm,
Patient and resolute—was firm and trod
The deck, defiant of the angry storm,
Guiding the ship—like to some ancient god!
And high upon the scroll of endless fame
In diamond letters, flashes Lincoln's name.

The Tuskegee Negro Conference

THE fifteenth annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference was held at the Tuskegee Institute February 22. This Conference has become to be regarded as the great Yearly Congress where the Afro-American people assemble to count their steps, and catch their bearing. The influence of the Conference upon the life of the masses of colored people at the South is inestimable. It has carried an organized system of emancipation for fifteen years and can point with pride to thousands and thousands of men and women, now free from economic and moral slavery who were touched by its quickening influence. The session which has just closed was largely attended, there being representatives present from thirty states. The reports brought in both by the leaders and the laity were unusually gratifying. The declarations of the conference more and more each year go straight home to the vital questions affecting the brethren at the South. The subjects

discussed by the Workers' Conference, which is held the day following the general meeting, were practical, and of direct bearing upon the public school system of the South.

The Farmers Conference was presided over by Dr. Booker T. Washington, its founder. Dr. Washington, in opening the sessions, said:

"As we come together from year to year in these Annual Tuskegee Negro Conferences, I am impressed more and more with the importance of our clinging steadfastly to the fundamental matters in life; that we should let no temptation, foreign or domestic, however strong, lead us from our moorings. No matter where we are to live, no matter what conditions may confront us, there are a few simple, primary principles that have been at the bottom of all individual and racial success which we must not disregard. Success in the fundamental things of life, however long we may be in achieving it, will win our victories. Failure in laying the foundation properly will result in our defeat, however alluring may be temporary and superficial attractions.

The element in connection with these meetings and the influences that have grown out of them that have given me more encouragement than any other thing is the fact that everywhere our race is heeding the lessons which these conferences have tried from year to year to emphasize."

The Declarations of the Conference, which are regarded somewhat as a rule and guide for both the leaders and the masses, cover the whole range of the question. One of the Declarations observes. "There are many discouragements but we are confident that these are the best days in our history thus far."

The Declarations as adopted follow:

1. The increase in the number of land owners over those of fourteen years ago when the Conference first started, is most encouraging, but it may be truthfully said that we are still largely renters instead of owners of land.

2. The purpose to own land was never stronger than now. This spirit we would encourage in every possible way. Teachers and preachers should make it a part of their regular work to show the absolute necessity, on the part of every family, to own land in order to permanently make progress.

3. We urge that the various forms of industry connected with the making of a living be introduced into all the schools, beginning with the primary. We would especially urge the teaching of agriculture and the use of such tools as are necessary to do the ordinary work of the farm, the doing of such building as is needed and the repair of ordinary farm implements.

4. Again we would urge our people to raise their food supplies at home as the most effective means to avoid the evils of the mortgage system.

5. We also recommend that the people give less support to dispensaries and

saloons and that they encourage temperance in every form.

6. We regret the poor schools that are still so common, especially in the country and in the small towns. In many places terms are short, salaries small, teachers poorly prepared and school houses unworthy of the name. We earnestly urge the union of all forces to better this condition. Especially should the poll tax be paid.

7. There are many discouragements but we are confident that these are the best days in our history thus far. Signs of progress are on every hand. Better houses, schools, and churches are being built, more land is being bought, better farming done, more are going into business, and the professions are gaining strength and numbers. When these Conferences were started, the Birmingham Penny Savings Bank was the only one prominently mentioned. Now there are about 20 banks managed by our people. The people are awakening to their moral, religious and physical condition. Character is being appreciated and the death-rate is being reduced.

8. We urge that more and more energy be put into the Annual Tuskegee Negro Conferences, the great school of the masses, and that we go home from these annual gatherings to organize in every community a local conference that shall serve to keep alive, and constantly emphasize the great doctrine of home getting and character building the foundations upon which the Annual Conference is built.

The friends of the Afro-American people, as well as Afro-American people themselves, may strike hands upon the progress noted by the Conference and then bend oars for the overcoming of the weaknesses within and obstacles without. The thinking element of the American people look forward with increasing interest each year to the find-

ings and observations of the Tuskegee Conference as somewhat of a mile-post of Negro progress.

The Worker's Conference is composed of the teachers and leaders of the Negro people who gather to hear of the progress of the race in all sections. Their meeting occurs on the day after the Conference proper. The proceedings are always intensely interesting, and are marked by frankness and rare intelligence. This meeting may properly be called the Gathering of the Experts, for almost each participant is an authority on same phase of the question. This is about the only conference where a number of learned men and women come together to apply their learning to concrete problem of humanity.

The subjects discussed by the Workers follow. They show how sincerely the leaders of the race in the South are seeking to get to the bottom of the problem:

1. Is there a local conference in your community?—If so, what has it done to help the school?
2. What proportion of the public school's support is contributed by voluntary, local taxation?—What are the tendencies?
3. What are the conditions of the country school houses?—Who owns them?—What are the tendencies?
4. What wages are paid the rural school teachers?—Is there a tendency to raise or lower wages?—Are teachers improving in quality?
5. What influence does the school exert upon its immediate surroundings?—What are the tendencies?
6. How may the teacher stimulate the community to temperance, economy and ownership of property?

The Rev. R. C. Bedford the veteran

Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Tuskegee, each year writes down the notes of progress as brought out by the testimony of the farmers. His report this year is unusually full and interesting, and contains so much of human interest that at least part of it should be reproduced. Writing in the Montgomery Advertiser Rev. Bedford says:

Andrew Sawyer from Shelby County, Alabama, said he owned forty acres of land, but that many of his neighbors owned more. He said they had done away with the sectarian spirit and united the public schools so that they were now larger and better than they were before. He lives in a four-room log house, but feels a great deal better than when he lived in a rented house that was plastered. He is going to put some money in the bank as soon as the weather gets warm. He makes a bale of cotton to the acre on land so hilly that he can plow the cotton only on one side. They make their school run eight months, the county paying for five months.

Mr. G. Gardner of Tallahassee, Florida, said the people of his part of the state had not made good use of their opportunities. He said he was called the biggest Negro in Leon County. He started twenty years ago plowing an ox and fed him a year on green mulberry bushes and moss. 'You can travel ten miles in Leon County and not see a white man.' He worked two years with his ox and then bought forty acres. It was worth \$10 an acre to clear it. He owns now 500 acres of the best land in Leon County, with \$2,000 worth of real estate in Tallahassee.

A man from Mt. Meigs said they were buying homes there. They don't allow any one to lose his home. They help each other in trouble. They have

given \$780 toward the support of their school the past year.

E. W. Stone of Selma said the people there were buying homes all the time, both in the city and in the country.

Rev. J. W. Jeter of Macon County said he thought where the people were living in poor houses it was often because they did not complain to the owners of the land.

Mrs. Maria Chapman of Talladega County said a good many of her neighbors owned land and comfortable houses. She owns 500 acres and a very good house of four rooms. She lives six miles from a town, but owns a home in Talladega. She sells milk, butter, eggs and chickens in Talladega. She raised thirteen bales of cotton last year. Another woman said she bought all her sugar with her butter. She makes willow baskets and sells them to help keep her daughter in Tuskegee. She said she and her husband once used tobacco and whiskey, but now they used neither. They put their money into schools and churches.

Prof. Dawkins of St. Helena Island, S. C., said the people of the island, as a rule, own their land. Their farms are small and they raise, largely, the sea island cotton. The farmers' conferences are a great help. Beaufort County has ten local conferences. They meet once a month. Nearly all of the sixty-eight teachers in the county are members of the conferences. They are helping to extend the school terms. They will extend the term of twenty-five schools in the county this year, one month each. There are no one-room houses on St. Helena Island.

Mrs. Lucy Nelson, from Tallapoosa County, reported a large settlement of colored people where nearly all own land. She has a good frame house. She buys no meat. She has 600 pounds at home now and fifteen gallons of lard. She don't keep the 'long-mouthed hogs.' She showed three kinds of corn,

rutabagas and turnips. Her first start was made a few years ago, when she traded a small puppy for a pig.

R. H. Copeland of Harris County, Georgia, said sixty-eight families in that county owned over 8,000 acres of land. He owns 400 acres.

Frank Hinson of Bullock County said he attended the conference every Thursday night.

J. M. Sanifer of Ethelville, Pickens County, reported 109 heads of families owning 4,883 acres of land. He wore a very nice suit of clothes, the cloth of which was spun by his wife from wool grown on his own sheep. For over twenty-five years he said he had not had not bought a suit of clothes. He also showed very nice cotton towels and a pretty bed spread woven from his own cotton by his wife. They have bought ten acres of land at Maniesville and have formed a corporation to build an industrial school.

A delegate from Pike County said she could report several in her community with good homes. She hardly knew what a mortgage was.

James Leonard of Coosa County said they were all trying to buy land in his beat. No white man could say he had land to sell but that a colored man would at once buy it.

A delegate from Escambia County said the colored people of that county paid taxes on over \$500,000.

A Negro named Reynolds of Talladega County gave a sketch of his life. When he got married he made his own furniture. He saved his money and now owns over 200 acres of good land. He makes his own wheat. He has over 1,000 pounds of meat in his smoke-house.

Out of his four years of conference work he organized a county fair which has been carried on very successfully for two years. He showed samples of his products exhibited at the fair, and also a splendid assortment of work

made by the women and girls.

R. L. Smith of Texas told of the "Farmers' Improvement Society" of that state. It contains over 6,000 members and its taxable property is over \$1,000,000 in value. They are planning a series of agricultural schools for Texas. By some striking pictures he showed the condition of the colored race, industrially considered, and reported the conference as one of the greatest forces in setting the people free.

Such stories mean volumes and volumes for the American Negro. They are an argument that enters strongly into the verdict of the American people upon the character and possibilities of the American Negro.

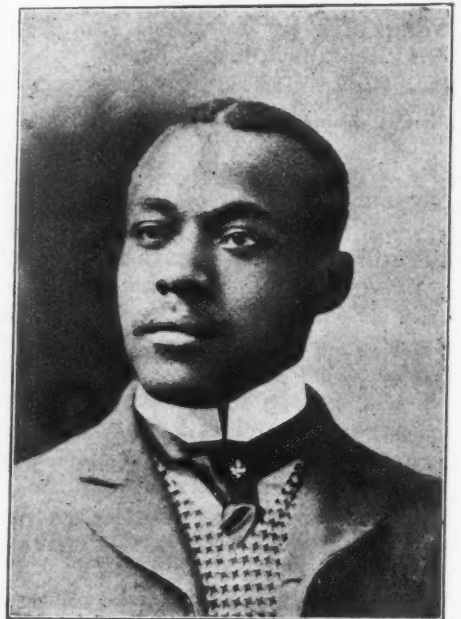
The conference having closed, the country is now looking forward to the twenty-fifth anniversary, which occurs in April.

HERE AND THERE

A New York Merchant

SCATTERED throughout the city of New York may be found a large number of business establishments, of all kinds and sizes, owned by Afro-Americans. Because of the size of the city and the prevailing individualism of its population, the extent of the business activity of Afro-Americans can hardly be appreciated, except, of course, by their immediate neighbors, and the various district mercantile headquarters.

James F. Turner is a successful New York grocer; he is more than a grocer, he is a merchant. In West Sixty-first street, in the very heart of "San Juan Hill," he himself conducts a large and flourishing grocery; just around the corner in Sixty-fourth street his wife conducts a confectionery. Both of these establishments are owned by a partnership perfected in law and then in love. That partnership has developed a busi-



JAMES F. TURNER

ness which might be further developed if Mr. Turner could place his hands and heart upon some intelligent young men of the Afro-American race.



MRS. OLIVIA G. TURNER

Mr. Turner came to New York from North Carolina twelve years ago, without a calling, without a copper. He secured employment with a physician on Madison avenue, with whom he remained seven years. He saved his money. He early succumbed to the New York fever of money-wanting and independence. At Mr. Turner's boarding house in Fifty-third street there came one day a young lady from his state. A friendship immediately arose between them. She secured work in the sacred district of the millionaire, he remained in the service of the Madison avenue physician. Both were now saving money.

Talking one evening over the economic condition of the Afro-American people in and around New York, it occurred to both that they might themselves profitably engage in some line of busi-

ness and therefrom build, perhaps, an independency. They entered into a partnership, and immediately opened a small store in Sixty-fourth street. Miss Garris gave up her work to take charge of it; Mr. Turner continued in the employ of the Madison avenue physician. The business grew more rapidly than they expected, and month after month it was increased in stock and fixtures. After two years it was too large for one person to manage, and Mr. Turner gave up his work in Madison avenue to take charge of the store. As might have been expected the business partnership had blossomed into a love partnership, and the partners had married. The business continued to flourish, and then the idea struck them that they might just as well run two stores as to run one. The main store was moved to Sixty-first street, where it is now located, and Mrs. Turner opened a confectionery in Sixty-fourth street. Both of these places are the central places in their each community; both are well kept, and both are profitable. Mr. Turner gives the entire credit for the success which has attended his efforts to his wife, his first partner, who conducted the establishment till it outgrew a woman's physical endurance.

Mr. Turner has no race problem to solve. He has solved his, therefore he has solved his portion of the race problem. He and his wife are worth more to the Afro-American people than many agitators. Gradually the Afro-American people are developing Turners in all sections. Mr. Turner is but thirty years of age. His future should be marked by a broadening effort to increase not his

business, but his usefulness. Men are only useful in the proportion that they are first useful to themselves. North Carolina has sent to the North a large number of men and women who are accomplishing things, and who are measuring in every way to the spirit of the life about them.

Waterman, a leading merchant of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. We are able this month to reproduce a picture of Mr. Waterman's store, which is located in Frederick street, the main thoroughfare of his city. Mr. Waterman has built up his business, the largest of its kind in Trinidad, within



MR. WATERMAN'S STORE IN TRINIDAD, B. W. I.

Mr. Turner is interested in all things affecting his race. He was one of the first men to take out stock in the Afro-American Realty Company, and he supports the efforts of all who are seeking to better the condition and advance the interest of the Afro-American people.

Trinidad's Leading Haberdashery

SEVERAL month's ago this publication published quite a review of the life and activities of A. A.

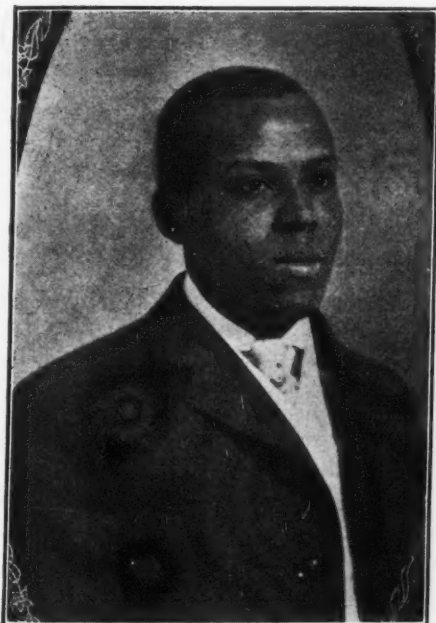
fifteen years. He enjoys the confidence of the citizens of the island, as well as the highest respect of the local government, which consults him freely upon public questions. He is deeply interested in the welfare of the children of Trinidad, and is now planning for an industrial plant where the handicrafts may be taught.

Very likely Mr. Waterman will represent Trinidad at the Atlanta meeting of the National Negro Business League.



The Knocker's Philosophy

BY MATTHEW D. BENNETT



WHEN a man who is married stays out half the night
And gambles and drinks and looks for fight,
Then goes home to wife, all cross and black,—
At the least provocation he gives her a smack,
Then runs the poor creature way out of the yard,
And yet every day she's working hard ;
And she with her children don't know what to do,
I wouldn't care much for her happiness, WOULD YOU?

WHEN a man who is single, without chick or child—
Instead of being frugal, steady and mild—
Goes out every night, with some maiden petite,
To spend all his earnings to see some "great sight,"
To ball and theatre and pleasure resorts,—
He, dressed in his best, some lady escorts,
When board bill, house rent and other things
are due,
And he loses his job in the Winter time, too,
I wouldn't care much for his comfort, WOULD YOU?

WHEN a man who has preached for forty odd years,
Who has flooded his Bible with fervent tears,
Who never gave an instructive talk, but dwelt at length on "how to walk ;"
Who scoffs at the young folks' progressive ideas
And holds the old "fogies" in superstitious fears—
Who goo goos at the best looking sisters in the church
And yet tells them to live right or they'll be left in the "lurch"
When he comes down to die and say "adieu ;"
I wouldn't care much for his heaven, WOULD YOU?

WHEN a little colored child of three years or more
Has sense enough only to bellow and roar,
Who is ugly enough to stop a runaway steed,
And who never satiates its awful greed—
When it bawls and squalls from morn till night,
Which is enough to make St. Peter fight,
The mother calls it her "little drop of dew,"
But I wouldn't change a rag-doll for the dew-drop, WOULD YOU?

WHEN a woman goes from door to door and slanders one's name,
Her only ambition is to lie and reputation maim ;
Who has no taste for literature or things which are refined,
Nor cares for culture, or progress, or nothing of the kind,
Nor knows the care of children, nor how to raise them right,
But takes delight in tattling and figuring in a fight,
Whose only aim in life is to raise a hullabaloo,
I wouldn't care for her intellectual or moral qualities, WOULD YOU?



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WE ARE gratified at the kind expressions contained in letters received from friends, and of promised support in our efforts to increase the circulation of THE MAGAZINE. We are desirous of demonstrating the capacity of the race to do, and in order to do this successfully the cordial co-operation of the public is desired. We are entitled to your influence in your community, and it should be a pleasure for you to send an additional subscription. As we have said on other occasions, kind words are nice—paid subscriptions are more substantial and are an encouragement. We shall see how many subscriptions you will influence our way this month.

The April number will be filled with interesting articles, and no member of the race who desires to learn of the progress of individuals, or of communities, should be without THE MAGAZINE. Send your subscriptions at once, and advise your friends and neighbors to send us their subscriptions. We must learn to value our own publications and business enterprises, building them up and making them strong and enabling them to give employment to the men

and women of the race. By doing this we shall solve the problem. When the Anglo-Saxon sees us standing together in support of one another his respect for us will be greater. Business enterprises made strong, and our professional men supported, will make of us a powerful people, and we shall not be required to go to "Niagara" and cry and whine for manhood rights. We will get all rights through deserving them, and we shall not deserve them until we stand together in loyal support of one another. Subscribe for THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The price is \$1.00 yearly.



THE April number of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will contain, among other interesting features, articles bearing upon: The Utica Normal and Industrial Institute; Talladega College; Howard Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn; Dr. William L. Bulkley's School, No. 40; The Howard Shoe Polish Factory; Colored Foot Ball Players, by Phil Waters, of Charleston, W. Va. There will be much more. The issue will cost ten cents. It is worth fifty. Send in your order.

S. R. SCOTTRON,
Editor



E. V. C. EATO,
Associate Editor

THE early years of the last century placed upon the stage of action men who developed strong characteristics to build up a future for the race. Not only was this a marked feature in the establishment of churches and benevolent institutions, but our secret societies, notably the Masonic Order and the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, received an inspiration from their efforts. The appearance of a cut in a recent number of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE of the late M. W. Brother C. J. Fenelon Duplessie of the Orient of Haiti, Paul Drayton and J. W. B. Smith, of the jurisdiction of the state of New York, recalled to the minds of the craftsmen the strong character and the persistency of will that enabled them during the past century to place on a firm foundation orders whose influences for good are incalculable. Up to the year 1877 two bodies of Free and Accepted Masons existed in this state, both sides possessing good and true men. I have before me the printed copy of a constitution of the M. W. Grand Lodge, and find the names of

Jeremiah R. V. Thomas, Jacob Vanderbeck, Lewis A. Hood, Francis Thompson, James W. Hood, Dr. P. M. Ray, David Gordon, Grand Master Samuel R. Scottron, Grand Secretary.

The constitution of the United Grand Lodge of the State of New York also lies before me, with the names of Jacob R. Gibbs, Alexander Elston, Arnold Ricks, George Lawrence, Jonas Townsend, James Barnett, Grand Master; Ransom F. Watts, Grand Secretary. That the Order of Free and Accepted Masons has been a potent factor in the uplifting of the race, a moral and social educator, can not be denied, and the unifying of the two factions was an accomplishment which deserves the highest commendation of all who are interested in the progress of the race.

An historical account of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, as well as matters of interest in other jurisdictions, will shortly appear, and the co-operation of all craftsmen are cordially invited to add to the general information of Masons in the various branches of the Order.

The Negro Mason in Equity

BY M. W. SAMUEL W. CLARK

BROTHER WERNER'S letter and Brother Battin's remarks were referred to a special committee, who, in the same spirit as the writers thereof, and in the defense of truth and justice, certifying to our legal existence and paving the way to a just adjudication of our claims, unanimously submitted the following report:

"PROPOSED RECOGNITION OF THE COLORED GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

"Your committee to whom was referred so much of the annual address of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, and accompanying documents, as relates to the so-called colored Lodges, and more especially the colored Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Ohio, have given the subject careful consideration, and respectfully submit the following:

"We do not propose, nor do we deem it necessary at this time, to enter into the history of the origin of so-called colored Freemasonry in this country. That subject has been fully discussed in nearly all the Grand Lodges and Masonic periodicals of this country for more than twenty-five years past.

"Your Committee deem it sufficient to say that *they* are satisfied *beyond all question* that colored Freemasonry had a legitimate beginning in this country, as much so as any other Freemasonry; in fact, it came from *the same source*.

"Your Committee will not attempt, at this time, to investigate as to the trans-

mission of this legitimate beginning down to the present time, when we find more than forty Subordinate Lodges and a Grand Lodge of so-called colored Freemasons, and an aggregate of more than eight hundred members in the State of Ohio. Your Committee have only to say that such is the fact.

"Your Committee have the most satisfactory and conclusive evidence that these colored Freemasons practice the very same rites and ceremonies, and have substantially the same esoteric or secret modes of recognition as are practiced by ourselves and by the universal family of Freemasons throughout the world.

"The question of the recognition of these colored Freemasons has long been before this Grand body, and your Committee feel that its importance is pressing upon us, and demanding prompt, serious, and decided action.

"Your Committee, therefore, offer for adoption the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, by the 'Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Ohio,' that this Grand body will recognize the so-called Grand Lodge of colored Freemasons of the State of Ohio as a legitimate and independent Grand Lodge, on condition that the so-called colored Grand Lodge shall change its constitutional title, so that it shall read as follows: '*The African Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of*

the State of Ohio.' And if the said so-called colored Grand Lodge shall accept this recognition and make the suggested change in its constitutional title, then, and in that case, upon said action being reported to the M. W. Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, under the seal of said body, then the M. W. Grand Master is hereby authorized and instructed to issue his proclamation to the subordinates to this Grand Lodge and to the Grand Lodges throughout the world, with which we are in fraternal correspondence, recognizing the said so-called colored Grand Lodge as an Independent Grand Lodge in the State of Ohio, under the title of *'The African Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Ohio.'*

"Respectfully submitted,

L. V. BIERCE,
E. T. CARSON,
F. WILLMER,
C. A. WOODWARD,
L. H. PIKE."

These papers will form an important part of the Masonic literature of Ohio, and they will illuminate the pages of Masonic history with a brilliancy of such power that the names thereon will be seen of generations yet unborn.

But what of the "report of the committee?" Did the Grand Lodge adopt it? Alas, it did not! A "point of order," a parliamentary quibble, which the Grand Master, Bro. Chas. A. Woodward, ruled as not well taken, decided its fate. From the Grand Master's decision an appeal was taken, which resulted in three hundred and thirty-two votes being cast to "sustain the decision of the Grand Master as the opinion of

the Grand Lodge," and three hundred and ninety votes against the same, a majority of only fifty-eight against the Grand Master, out of a total of seven hundred and twenty-two votes. If only thirty other brethren had voted "aye," what a change there would have been in the Masonic history of Ohio. No need, there would be now, to write these lines. Ohio would indeed have become *an apostle of peace, good-will, charity, and toleration.*' But no, it was not to be so; the wily Cunningham, like he at Thermopylæ, who betrayed the noble Spartan band by showing to the enemy the secret pass, led the opponents of truth and justice to victory by a trick of shrewd parliamentary practice. Although error and injustice triumphed for the time being, the influence of these three hundred and thirty-two advocates of right—these three hundred and thirty-two exponents of the progress of the true spirit of Masonry—will be felt, and Ohio, moving forward under the inspiration of this influence, must, per force of its power, "once more unto the breach," and raise her standard for "equality and fraternity."

Masons of Ohio, Masons of America, Masons of the world, wheresoever dispersed, the negro Mason of America stands before you to-day as a just and upright Mason, and as such demands that you shall try him by the square of virtue, and having tried him and found him just and true, he further demands that you deny him not, but that you receive him and accept him, and accord unto him all of right that may belong to him. He does not make this demand because he is a negro, neither does he

ask that you do this as a favor; but he demands it because he is a Mason as you are, and because his right to the title of Free and Accepted Mason is equal to yours—no more, no less.

Do not be frightened and think that we ask this act of justice on your part for the purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity to peer into your Lodge rooms, or to force ourselves into your company against your desire; we do it for nothing of the sort. We know, from experience, that the curiosity will be on your side, and, thanks for our close adherence to the rites of our profession, we feel amply able to satisfy it; we know that *our* Lodge rooms will be the ones most frequently visited, and we assure you that you will always receive the fraternal welcome of a true Mason.

But this is why we demand it: We have always been taught that Masonry is universal in its character; that neither race nor creed can debar one from an entrance therein; that the beggar and the prince are alike equals within its closely tiled doors, and that its "central idea is the 'brotherhood of man because of the Fatherhood of God.'" Because of all these things; because we desire that the stigma of hypocrisy, deceit, and injustice shall be forever blotted out; because we desire that our ancient and noble and grand institution shall have a name honored of all men and all nations, in all countries and in all climes, of all creeds and all faiths; and because we desire that our institution shall be as beauteous and glorious as the noon-day sun at meridian height, darting its rays to the North and the South, to the East and the West, bathing all hu-

manity in a glorious flood of the sunshine of peace and good-will, is why we demand that you bury your prejudices and prove yourselves Masons indeed.

We have nothing to gain in your legal recognition of us as Masons; the gain is all for you and the institution of Freemasonry. That we are just and legal Masons is so well established that it is now beyond the power of man to controvert it. For more than one hundred years we have existed as Free and Accepted Masons; we have now commenced the second century of our existence as such; from the lowest round of humility we have climbed far up the ladder of fame; from the small beginning of fifteen black men, scoffed at, sneered at, insulted, and ridiculed, we have grown to grand proportions, until to-day we command the respect of Masons in all parts of the world; what we are to-day has been accomplished by our own exertions, isolated and rejected as we have been; if, by our own exertions alone, we must build our second century, we will make it more illustrious than the first; we will proudly hold aloft our heads, and courageously fighting our battles, we will neither give nor ask quarter.

Our task is done. If we have been tedious; if we have been excessive in the matter of quotations; if we have made repetitions, it has only been to more forcibly impress you with the point presented, and to sustain it with the strongest corroborative evidence.

In parting from you we again say, do what is just, not for our sake, but for the sake of Masonry. You can not

afford to do otherwise, for the world is gazing upon you, and as you act, so will it judge.

If you shall continue to refuse to have the light of justice and reason to illuminate your benighted intelligence, and shall refuse to accord us those rights legally belonging to us, we will

appeal to the world at large for a judgment, and, as Free and Accepted Masons, will go bravely forward in the cause of freedom and humanity, writing, in letters of blazing gold, the legend—Negro Masonry, the essence of TRUTH, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE, EQUALITY and FRATERNITY!!

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal,
Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

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